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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.

DETAILS OF THE HORRID AFFAIR.

Correspondence of The Missouri Democrat.

CAIRO, Thursday, April 14, 1864.

BEFORE leaving Memphis Tuesday afternoon, we heard a report that Fort Pillow was captured, and at 5 p.m. we proceeded up the river in the Platte Valley, loaded down with passengers, and with the gunboat Silver Cloud, No. 27, under Acting Master Ferguson, in tow. We arrived near the fort at 8 a.m., where the gunboat cast off, and steamed up toward the fort. We were about three miles below the fort, and could see mounted pickets on the shore. After the gunboat got within reach she opened on the fort with shell, but met with no reply. She continued slowly until she got in near the fort and near the shore, where she fired a shot or two and then stopped. We had followed her at a distance, and now, about 10 a.m., came up abreast and passed her and the fort. As we came up, we saw fire and smoke proceeding from the shore, which proved to be some buildings and some hay on the levee. We also, for the first time, saw people moving about, some on foot and some on horseback, behind the smoke; and soon several persons came to the bank of the river with a white flag. The gunboat sent a skiff ashore, which returned in about twenty minutes, and then the gunboat landed. We, at this time, were a mile above, and being signaled by the gunboat, returned and landed by the boat. While returning near the shore, we saw numerous dead bodies strewed along the river and on the sides of the bluff. We found, on landing, quite a number of Confederate officers; among them Brig.-Gen. Chalmers, with his Staff, and Maj. C. W. Anderson, of Gen. Smith's staff, and others of the rebel officers whose names I did not learn. Arrangements were made to parole all the wounded, and men were detached to bring them in. An agreement for truce till 5 p.m. was agreed upon, and permission freely given to visit the fort and grounds. Escorted by Capt. Lindsay, formerly of Natchez, now in the rebel army, your correspondent visited the fort and adjacent grounds—the scene of action the day preceding. On the way up—about three miles below the fort—we were signalled by a flat-boat on the Missouri shore, and took on board a colored corporal and three wounded men, and received our first account from them of the fight.

THE ASSAULT AND CAPTURE OF THE FORT.

We have gleaned the facts of the fight from authentic sources, and they may be relied upon as truthful. The rebels, under Forrest, appeared and drove in the pickets about sunrise on Tuesday morning. The garrison of the fort consisted of about two hundred of the Thirteenth Tennessee Volunteers and four hundred negro artillery, all under command of Maj. Booth; the gunboat No. 7 was also in the river. The rebels first attacked the outer forts, and in several attempts to charge were repulsed. They were constantly reinforced, and extended their lines to the river on both sides of the fort. The garrison in the two outer forts were at length overpowered by superior numbers, and about noon evacuated them and retired to the fort on the river. Here the fight was maintained with great obstinacy, and continued till about 4 p.m. The approach to the fort from the rear is over a gentle declivity, cleared and fully exposed to a raking fire from two sides of the fort. About 30 yards from the fort is a deep ravine, running all along the front, and so steep at the bottom as to be hidden from the fort, and not commanded by its guns. The rebels charged with great boldness down the declivity, and faced without blanching a murderous fire from the guns and small arms of the fort, and crowded into the ravine where they were sheltered from fire by the steep bank which had been thus left by some unaccountable neglect or ignorance. Here the rebels organized for a final charge upon the fort, after sending a flag of truce with a demand for surrender, which was refused. The approach from the ravine was up through a deep, narrow gully, and the steep embankments of the fort. The last charge was made about 4 p.m. by the whole rebel force, and was successful after a most desperate and gallant defence. The rebel army was estimated at from two thousand to four thousand, and succeeded by mere force of numbers. The gunboat had not been idle, but guided by signals from the fort, poured upon the rebels a constant stream of shot and shell. She fired 260 shells, and as testified to by those who could see, with marvellous precision and with fatal effect. Maj. Booth, who was killed near the close of the fight, conducted the defence with great coolness, skill and gallantry. His last signal to the boat was, "We are hard pressed and shall be overpowered." He refused to surrender, however, and fought to the last. By the uniform and voluntary testimony of the rebel officers as well as the survivors of the fight, the negro artillery regiments fought with the bravery and coolness of veterans and served the guns with skill and precision. They did not falter nor flinch until at the last charge, when it was evident they would be overpowered, they broke and fled toward the river, and here commenced the most barbarous and cruel outrages that ever the fiendishness of rebels have perpetrated during the war.

REBEL ATROCITIES.

After the rebels were in undisputed possession of the fort and the survivors had surrendered, they commenced the indiscriminate butchery of all the Federal soldiery. The colored soldiers threw down their guns and raised their arms in token of surrender, but not the least attention was paid to it. They continued to shoot down all they found. A number of them finding no quarter was given, ran over the bluff to the river, and tried to conceal themselves under the bank and in the bushes, were pursued by the rebel savages, and implored them to spare their lives. Their appeals were made in vain, and they were all shot down in cold blood and in full sight of the gunboat, chased and shot them down as they would dogs. I passed up the bank of the river and counted fifty dead strewed along. One had crawled into a hollow log and was killed in it, another had got over the bank in the river, and had got on to a board that run out into the water. He lay on it on his face, with his feet in the water. He laid there when exposed stark and stiff. Several had tried to hide in crevices made by the falling bank, and could not be seen without difficulty, but they were singled out and killed. From the best information I could get, the white soldiers were, to a very considerable extent, treated in the same way. One of the Thirteenth Tennessee on board—D. W. Harrison—informs me that after the surrender he was below the bluff, and one of the rebels presented a pistol to shoot him. He told him he had surrendered, and requested him not to fire. He spared him, and directed him to go up the bluff to the fort. Harrison asked him to go before him, or he would be shot by others, but he told him to go along. He started, and had not proceeded far before he met a rebel, who presented his pistol. Harrison begged him not to fire, but paying no attention to his request, he fired and shot him through the shoulder, and another shot him in the leg. He fell, and while he lay unable to move, another came along and was about to fire again, when Harrison told him he was badly wounded twice, and implored him not to fire. He asked Harrison if he had any money. He said he had a little money and a watch. The rebel took from him his watch and ninety dollars in money, and left him. Harrison is, probably, fatally wounded. Several such cases have been related to me, and I think, to a great extent, the whites and negroes were indiscriminately murdered. The rebel Tennesseeans have about the same bitterness against Tennesseeans in the Federal army, as against the negroes. I was told by a rebel officer that Gen. Forrest shot one of his men and cut another with his sabre who were shooting down prisoners. It may be so, but he is responsible for the conduct of his men, and Gen. Chalmers stated publicly, while on the Platte Valley, that though he did not encourage or countenance his men in shooting down negro captives, yet that it was right and justifiable.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT.

The negro corporal, Jacob Wilson, whom we picked up below Fort Pillow, had a narrow escape. He was down on the river bank, and seeing that no quarter was shown, stepped into the water so that he lay partly under it. A rebel coming along asked him what was the matter; he said he was badly wounded, and the rebel, after taking from his pocket all the money he had, left him. It happened to be near by a flat boat tied to the bank, and about 3 o'clock in the morning. When all was quiet, Wilson crawled into it and got three more wounded comrades also into it, and cut loose. The boat floated out into the channel, and we found it ashore some miles below. The wounded negro soldiers we have aboard feigned themselves dead until we came along. Capt. Young, Twenty-fourth Missouri, Provost-Marshal at the fort, was captured, and was out on his parole. He was at the boat, and while there the Lady Pike, from St. Louis, came up, with his wife aboard. He was allowed to go into the boat to see her, and then returned to his captors. Maj. Bradford was also captured, and at large on his parole. The rebel officers denounce him for breaking his parole, and say that during Tuesday night he escaped. It is believed that the rebels killed him, and that the charge of breaking his parole is a mere pretence to conceal his murder.

Capt. Lindsay, rebel officer, to whom I am indebted for courteous attention, admitted to me that Gen. Forrest was slightly wounded, and had a horse killed under him, but another rebel officer informed a friend of his, who was on the boat with us, that Gen. F. was twice wounded, and badly, by the bursting of a shell.

The rebels claim to have but only ten killed and thirty wounded, but Capt. Young, who had been to their camp, says that they have two hospitals well filled, and he thinks their killed and wounded exceed ours.

When I visited the fort, the guns had all been taken away. The huts scattered around had been mostly burned up. In one of these were bodies of colored soldiers partly burned, but whether or not by design I cannot state.

Dr. Fitch, surgeon of the fort, was taken prisoner, and through the influence of some rebel surgeons was released on his parole and came up with us. He confirms, from his own personal observation, the butchery of our soldiers by the rebels. He informed me, that after the fort was taken, the soldiers ran down the bluff to the river, throwing away their arms, holding up their hands, and crying out that they surrendered, but the rebels continued to fire on them from the bluff without the least regard to their cries. Dr. Fitch says he saw twenty white soldiers paraded in line on the bank of the river, and when in line the rebels fired upon and killed all but one, who ran to the river and hid under a log, and in that condition was fired at a number of times and wounded. He says that Major Bradford also ran down to the river, and after he told them that he had surrendered, more than fifty shots were fired at him. He then jumped into the river, and swam out a little ways, and whole volleys were fired at him there without hitting him. He returned to the shore, and meeting, as the Doctor supposes, some officer, was protected, but he heard frequent threats from the rebels that they would kill him. It was a subject of considerable remark that Capt. Young was treated by the rebels with so much favor—and it is said that his brother, who has been in the rebel army, kept a grog shop at the fort, and was a rebel sympathizer.

DISGUSTING TOADYISM.

Two or three Federal band-box officers on board the Platte Valley, one of them with his young bride, made themselves conspicuous in fawning around the rebel officers. They brought Gen. Chalmers and several subordinate cut-throat looking officers on board the Platte Valley, drank with them, introduced them to their wives, and invited them to dinner. They made room for them at the ladies' table, and they sat down to dinner; but it happened, either by accident or from a just idea of the fitness of things on the part of our high-spirited Captain, that at that moment the signal bell for moving was heard, and the rebel officers leaving their soup untouched, skedaddled. Gen. Chalmers soliloquizing as he hurried past your correspondent that he had learned to run as well as to fight. In the conversation preceding the dinner, Gen. Chalmers said he did not countenance or encourage his soldiers in killing captive negro soldiers, but it was right and justifiable. A Federal officer who will so disgrace himself and his country, ought to be dismissed the service.

The rebel officers were generally well clad, but had very little to distinguish them from the privates. Gen. Chalmers had simply a black feather in his hat, and the other officers stripes on their collars.

It was stated by some of the Rebel officers that they had only about twenty-five colored prisoners, and they were old servants of white officers, and that all colored soldiers were killed. This I believe to be true.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

To the shame of the Americans, be it said, on the steamer Platte Valley were found men, some of them wearing the United States uniform, who lionized Chalmers, offering him every attention, taking him into the ladies' cabin, and extending to him every kindness and courtesy imaginable, appearing to be highly honored with his notice.

Those who thus disgraced the cause by favoring the villain Chalmers must not go unpunished, and their conduct must be investigated and rewarded according to their deserts. To the honor of others, one officer in particular whose name unfortunately we could not learn, they refused to drink or have any intercourse with the barbarians, as they so truly proved themselves by slaughtering men who, with uplifted hands, failed to obtain mercy, but had their heads cleft from their shoulders, or laid open with sabres, or their skulls stove in with butts of guns. *After throwing down their arms, after being overpowered by overwhelming odds, several small squads of negroes were drawn up in line and shot down.* After this the poor creatures would take refuge behind white men, when the rebels would fire, frequently bringing down both white and black. No attention was paid to the wounded, and the commonest dictates of humanity were utterly disregarded.

Inside of the works the most revolting spectacle imaginable presented itself. The dead and wounded were lying in heaps, writhing in agony, while from the consuming buildings came often the shrieks of the burning negroes.

From The Cairo News, April 16.

Yesterday afternoon we visited the United States Hospital at Mound City, and had an interview with the wounded men from Fort Pillow.

The Fort Pillow wounded are doing much better than could be expected from the terrible nature of their wounds; but one, Wm. Jones, had died, though Adjt. Learing and Lieut. John H. Porter cannot possibly long survive. Of the whole number—fifty-two—all except two were cut or shot after they had surrendered! They all tell the same story of the rebel barbarities, and listening to a recital of the terrible scenes at the fort makes one's blood run cold. They say they were able to keep the rebels at bay for several hours, notwithstanding the immense disparity of numbers, and but for their treachery in creeping up under the walls of the fort while a truce was pending, would have held out until the Olive Branch arrived with troops, with whose assistance they would have defeated Chalmers beyond doubt.

So well were our men protected behind their works, that our loss was very trifling before the rebels scaled the walls and obtained possession. As soon as they saw the rebels inside the walls the Unionists ceased firing, knowing that further resistance was useless; but the rebels continued firing, crying out, "Shoot them! shoot them! show them no quarter!"

The Unionists, with one or two exceptions, had thrown down their arms in token of surrender, and therefore could offer no resistance. In vain they held up their hands, and begged their captors to spare their lives; but they were appealing to fiends, and the butchery continued until out of near 600 men, who composed the garrison, but 230 remained alive, and of this number 62 were wounded, and nine died in a few hours after.

Capt. Bradford, of the 1st Alabama Cavalry, was an especial object of rebel hatred, and his death was fully determined upon before the assault was made. After he had surrendered he was basely shot, but having his revolver still at his side, he emptied it among a crowd of rebels, bringing three of the scoundrels to the ground. The massacre was acquiesced in by most of the rebel officers, Chalmers himself expressly declaring that "home-made Yankees and negroes should receive no quarter."

One line officer, however, was not so lost to all dictates of humanity, and exerted himself to stop the slaughter. To this man's noble exertions are due most of the lives that were saved. Several of the wounded said, "He saved my life, God bless him!" His name, if ever known, will be honored by all loyal men, while they execrate the memory of Chalmers, and those who carried out his fiendish orders.

The atrocities committed almost exceed belief, and but for the fact that so many confirm the stories, we could not credit them. One man already badly wounded asked of a scoundrel who was firing at him to spare his life. "No! damn you!" was the reply; "you fight with niggers!" and forthwith discharged two more balls into him. One negro was made to assist in digging a pit to bury the dead in, and was himself cast in among others and buried. Five are known to have been buried alive; of these, two dug themselves out, and are now alive and in the hospital. Daniel Tyler of Company B was shot three times, and struck on the head, knocking out his eye. After this he was buried, but not liking his quarters, dug out. He laughs over his adventures, and says he is one of the best "dug-outs" in the world.

Wm. Jordan, colored, was shot four times, and lost one leg. He bears his misfortune well, and will doubtless recover. Dr. Wardner says the negroes exhibit wonderful tenacity of life, and of the desperately wounded at Fort Pillow nearly all will recover.

Most of the white soldiers have several wounds—several of them four or five. The wounds are generally severe, but the men are doing extremely well, and are in excellent spirits. They feel quite proud of defending their fort so long against such overwhelming numbers, and declare that but for their treachery in stealing up while negotiations under flag of truce were going on, the rebels could not have taken the place in daylight. When asked about the conduct of the negroes, they gave them great praise, saying they fought as only brave men can fight. The 13th Tennessee Cavalry consisted of but one battalion under Major Booth, who commanded the fort.

They numbered about 250 men—95 were taken prisoners, 29 are in the hospital, 4 or 5 escaped, the rest we buried at Fort Pillow—nearly all of them massacred after they had surrendered. These men all tell the same tale, and recount the same horrid story, and it is impossible to doubt the truth of their statements. They are all Kentuckians, Tennesseans, Georgians. Some few of them have families residing in this State, having come here to escape rebel persecutions. We hope a grateful government will take the cases of these brave men into special consideration, and place their families above want and distress.

Many were driven into the river and drowned. About four miles above the fort, lodged against the trunk of a tree, were seen by passengers on the Platte Valley, six dead bodies. In another place three bodies were seen. A number of other bodies were seen singly on the banks.

THE MASSACHUSETTS COLORED TROOPS.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, April 13, 1864.

IT is to be presumed that there are but few, if any, who have not heard of the 54th and 55th Massachusetts Volunteers, the first brought to notice by the brave assault on Fort Wagner, in which they lost their noble young Colonel, and since then by their share in the siege of Charleston, and the terrible battle of Olustee, Florida.

In February, 1863, as the quota of Massachusetts was not full, Gov. Andrew proposed to raise one regiment of colored men for the field, to help to solve the great question, "Will the black man fight?" Looking at it in the light of a year's experience, it scarcely seems possible that this was seriously discussed; but at that time there were but few colored men in the army, and only those that had been enlisted in the Southern States.

Massachusetts, first in this as in all movements for human progress and freedom, took it upon herself to say that they would fight, and Gov. Andrew applied to the Secretary of War for permission to try the experiment. It was granted, and the promise given that they should be treated and paid the same as other soldiers.

A recruiting office was immediately opened in Boston, and the handbills issued with all the usual inducements, but particular stress was laid upon the thirteen dollars per month, the same that white soldiers received. In a short time the regiment was full and overflowing, and the men coming in so fast that a second regiment was partly organized before the first left camp.

There was no question what rank or number they should receive. Massachusetts, under the various calls for volunteers, had enlisted fifty-three regiments, and when these were formed they received the numbers next in order. They were not the 1st and 2d Massachusetts Colored Infantry, but the 54th and 55th Massachusetts Volunteers, thus showing that they were considered on exactly the same footing as the white regiments. At one time a question was raised among themselves as to the surety of the thirteen dollars per month, as there was a law for paying negro soldiers but ten dollars, but the Governor assured them that he had the promise that they should be considered Massachusetts soldiers, and be paid as such. Trusting to this promise of the Secretary of War, the best class of men came forward and enlisted, not only from Massachusetts, but from other States, and fugitives from Canada came to join their Northern brethren to fight under the "Flag of the Free." The 54th sailed from Boston on the 28th of May, and landed at Hilton Head, S. C., on the 2d of June. The 55th left in August, and were sent to Newbern, and thence to Folly Island, where they remained until ordered to Jacksonville, Florida. The last regiment has not yet received their baptism of fire, but has borne the heat and burden of the day during the long siege of Charleston, and only missed the battle of Olustee by a few hours. They have shown their endurance and good discipline wherever they have been, and will undoubtedly equal in courage their brothers, whenever the trial comes.

For a history of the 54th from the time of its leaving Boston to the end of the year 1863, I refer you to the report in the Adjutant-General's Report of the State of Massachusetts, in which it is shown briefly what has been done by the first colored regiment raised in a Free State. Nothing has been said of its sufferings—that remains for private hands to record, but 'tis enough to know that they have gone through with all that any troops have been called upon to undergo, and much in addition, owing to the prejudice against them. The State bounty of $50 was paid to them before leaving camp, *and that is the only money they have received.*

Twice or three times they have been visited by the U. S. Paymaster, and been offered the laborer's wages of $10, which to a man they refused, saying, "'Tis an insult, after promising us a soldier's pay and calling upon us to do a soldier's duty, and faithfully has it been performed, to offer us the wages of a laborer, who is not called upon to peril his life for his country." Finding that the government had tried to force them to take this reduced pay, Massachusetts sent down agents to make up the difference to them out of the State Treasury, trusting that ere long the country would acknowledge them as on an equality with the rest of the army. But, in a manner that must redound to their credit, they refused it. Said they, "'Tis the principle, not the money, that we contend for; we will either be paid as soldiers, or fight without reward." This drew down upon them the hatred of the other colored troops (for those regiments raised in the South were promised but $10, as the government also took care of their families), and they had to bear much from them; but they did not falter. Standing by their expressed determination to have justice done them, they quietly perform their duties, only praying earnestly that every friend of theirs at the North will help the government to see what a blot rests on its fair fame—a betrayal of the trust reposed in them by the colored race.

But few of the families of these two regiments reside in this State, and to those that do the State aid does but little in the way of supporting life; and those who are not within our borders, and have sent their husbands, brothers and sons to fight for our common country, have never received one cent of money for over a year, and for how much longer 'twill be we cannot say. There probably has been no one regiment that has made itself so well known during the war, by its good discipline, untiring labor and never-failing bravery, as the 54th; but we all feel that its name may be tarnished, for the men are but mortal, and cannot endure forever, unless justice is done them, or they are convinced that their friends at the North are really working for them.

When they rushed forward to save our army from being slaughtered at Olustee, it was the irrepressible negro humor, with something more than a dash of sarcasm, that prompted the battle-cry: "Three cheers for old Massachusetts and $7 a month!" (Three dollars are reserved by government for clothes). 'Tis well known that the General in command came to the Colonel and said, "The day is lost; you must do what you can to save the army from destruction." And nobly did they obey him. They fired their guns till their ammunition was exhausted, and then stood with fixed bayonets till the broken columns had time to retreat, and though once, entirely outflanked, the enemy getting sixty yards in their year, their undaunted front and loud cheering caused the enemy to pause, and allowed them time to fall back. They occupied the position as rear guard all the way back to Jacksonville, and wherever was the post of danger, there were the 54th to be found. I presume that what they have undergone in the way of hard and incessant labor, scarcity of food, lack of clothing, etc., is but what many regiments have suffered during the war, so there could be no use in enumerating them, unless it be to show those who will not be convinced that they are entitled to all that other soldiers are, and that there is no excuse for their being refused their proper pay. Hundreds of instances could be adduced to show that they have every requisite of good soldiers, and many officers who at first looked down upon them now desire to be connected with them. The engineers on Morris Island desired the Colored Brigade to be permanently detailed to work in the trenches in the approaches to Fort Wagner, saying that they "stood fire" better than any others. This small brigade, numbering less than one-quarter of the troops on the Island, out of 18,000 days' work did more than 9,500.

Sergt. Swailes, the Sergeant-Major of the regiment, fought so splendidly at Olustee that the officers united in requesting the Governor to give him a commission, and now a lieutenant's commission awaits him whenever he recovers from his wounds and rejoins the regiment. *In the meantime his wife and children are placed in the poor-house (in New York State) to prevent their starving!* Comment is needless. And these are the men who are not considered fit to be placed on an equality with white soldiers!

Just as surely as the sun shines on us day by day, so surely shall the voice of those men who sealed their faith with their life's blood, in Arkansas and Louisiana, in South Carolina and Florida, call aloud from their graves for justice to their brethren, and never will they cease crying till the country shall hide her head with shame that even for a time she allowed those prejudices arising from sympathy with slavery to blind her to the calls of right. As they are treated now 'tis but another form of this great evil; but when we of the North will acknowledge them as men like ourselves, then, indeed slavery is dead. To use the touching words of one of their number, "We will neither despair nor complan, for Providence watches over us. Some must suffer for every great cause—millions of free men are not born without a pang." MASSACHUSETTS.

THE FREEDMEN OF PORT ROYAL FARING HARDLY.

BEAUFORT, PORT ROYAL, S. C. March 20th, 1864.

To the Editors of The Independent:

I HAVE seen and heard, since I have been here, very much to interest and instruct, and very much to encourage all who look upon the present time and the present work in the true light. Many interesting and earnest people are at work here, and the field of work and the material to work with are such as have never before been offered, it seems to me, to those who, like Abou Ben Adhem, would stand first among those who love the Lord by loving their fellowmen. General Rufus Saxton, the commander of this post, you know, or at least know of. He has dared to take the highest ground in relation to the black man, and the effect of his work and that of others (his coadjutors here) is very evident in the condition of the freedman in this region. I need not mention Col. T. W. Higginson, of the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, for you know how thorough a Christian gentleman and soldier he is. Others there are, and "of devout women not a few," who are laboring without weariness to assist the freed slave in his efforts to become able to bear his freedom and assume the full stature of a man.

And so the great work has begun. And so the men who were leaders at a time when to be an Abolitionist was to be persecuted, reviled, and shunned, unlike the first great abolition leader, are permitted to see the children of Israel "go in and possess the land."

But in this very act of possession, or rather of striving to take that possession which has been promised them, there has arisen a difficulty, at once so useless, so wicked, and such a violation of the plighted faith, not of individuals only, but of the government itself, as greatly to discourage the black man, and to shock those who really desire the permanent and highest good of the colored race, and whose vision is not obscured and judgment warped by the Almighty Dollar. It is to this subject that I especially ask your serious attention, involving, as it does, the whole subject of aid to the freed slave. It is this abuse of power, and violation of faith, striking at the very root of the existence of the freedman, as a freedman here, which I desire to tell of.

You will remember that, at the time these lands fell again into the hands of the government, and were opened to loyal people for settlement, the Government determined to sell the estates and plantations, as they were reclaimed, to loyal purchasers for taxes. A subsequent order permitted negroes to preëmpt, at the rate of $1.25 per acre. Many of them did so, and, entering upon the land, commenced its cultivation. Two weeks after, the order was changed, and the first order readopted. This change was effected by various means, and representations to the government, to the effect that the negro was by the system of preëmption being preferred to the white man; that he was not yet fitted to own and cultivate so much land; that he was ignorant and degraded, and needed the civilizing influences of the white man; that the land would soon be worth from ten to twenty times as much as it was being sold for, etc., etc.—of which more presently.

Meantime, during these two weeks, the negroes had, to a very considerable extent, embraced their opportunity: they had preëmpted from 20 to 50 acres in families, and others were doing the same when the order was changed—some continued so to preëmpt after the actual change, but before it was known. Now the purchasers at the land sales, who have bought these very lands, on which the negroes have settled, come in with their title-deeds and claim the right to drive them out; nay, even ask of the military authority an armed force to protect them in doing so.

Now there is very little question but that the law, as it now stands, is on the side of the land-sharpers and speculators. The law as it *did* stand, when it gave the negro the right to preëmpt, was a good one, as far as it went. It should have been broader and more liberal than it was. The arguments used to effect the change were subtle, and specious, and calculated to deceive—apparently truthful and humane. I know that the vast majority of those at the North who have examined the question at all believe that it is a good law. But see what hardships it has already entailed; see what a breach of faith it involves. The negro here has very little reason to trust the fidelity of the white man. I hardly think these vacillating laws will be calculated to make his faith any stronger, especially when, with one hand they give him independence and a home, and with the other take both away.

This system of preëmption, which was so short a time in operation, was eminently wise and just. It gave the freedman at once a personal interest in his freedom, something to live for and work for—a country and a home. It made a man of him, proved to him that the Northern white man was his friend, and would see him righted. He had the very land—upon which he was born, which he had earned again and again by his labor, which had been bathed by his sweat and his tears, and too often with his blood—he had this very land secured to him, as he thought and was assured, as his own. But these estates were valuable, and the white man is philanthropic truly, but likes fat farms, and so philanthropy saw that the negro was not fit to earn so much; that "the natural tendency of the freed negro is to rest satisfied with supplying his simple wants, which he can do in the Southern States with a very small amount of labor" (see letter of Edward S. Philbrick, in N. Y. *Evening Post*, March 9th); that these lands had better go into the hands of loyal white purchasers, who would employ the freedmen, and thus the land would be fully cultivated, the negro provided for philanthropically, and the owner pocket the proceeds. I know that the argument, as stated at length in the letter above referred to, and which I shall again comment on presently, is a very fair one apparently, and sounds like a noble work, undertaken by noble men. I do not wonder that Northern men see in it all its advocates claim. I say, I do not wonder at this, because the other side was not shown, and the arguments themselves were apparently of the plainest and most forcible kind, and the object a most noble one.

But, as I find the facts to be, these arguments fall to the ground—not one of them bearing examination. I claim, 1st, That the negroes—having been found in possession of the soil (the white owners having run away), the soil being theirs by reason of generations of unpaid labor upon it—are *entitled to the first consideration in the matter of its redistribution*—their former status as slaves being considered only as in their favor, in that distribution.

2d. That the faith of the government in this regard, having been once plighted to the negro, should be kept all the more faithfully and strictly, because he is "ignorant and degraded," as Mr. Philbrick calls him.

3d. That, to break this faith is to ruin forever all hope of recolonizing this region with that very class of men most desirable for it, to destroy all hope of ever gaining the full confidence of the class again, and to render hopeless the task of permanently benefitting the black upon American soil.

4th. The sole and only cause for the position taken by the tax purchasers, in respect to the ownership of the soil by the native-born negro, is that, by excluding him, more land, at a merely nominal rate, comes into their hands—lands which will next year be worth frnm ten to forty dollars an acre, besides the enormous profits from the crops of Sea Island cotton.

But a certain portion of the soil has been set apart exclusively for the negro, which the white man cannot purchase if he would. True—seven thousand acres, with three thousand additional, for school purposes. The fact that any has been set apart shows that they knew the weak point in their own position. And, when I add, that a considerable portion of these lands so reserved are swamp lands, totally unfit for any purpose, except to breed alligators and marsh hens, and that they have not yet been surveyed to any considerable extent, so that the persons for whom they are set apart can settle upon them, I think the cloven foot pretty plainly appears.

Now, let me turn for a moment to the other system—the system of employing the freedmen upon the estates of loyal white tax purchasers. This whole system is admirably set forth in Mr. Philbrick's letter, above referred to. The writer of that letter came to Beaufort under the auspices of a Boston stock company, to purchase estates, and to work them to the best advantage. His statement of the results of that speculation is a very plain and straightforward one, and those results, in a pecuniary point of view, more than satisfactory. Now, about the employment of the negro. "Each family," says Mr. P., "has a little patch of land for their own cultivation, and their house-rent free" (all this they had when they were slaves); "they are held entirely responsible for their own food" (their "owners" provided them with food and clothing, too); "and, to give them courage, and provide for their current wants, partial payments are made each month for planting and hoeing the crop per acre—reserving the principal payment for the end." "And to each family a definite portion of land was assigned for the cultivation of cotton, in such quantities as they chose to take, and the separate families so assuming the care of these patches were made, as far as possible, responsible for the crops grown upon them" (that is, the labor is not, as before, *compulsory*, under the whip; but, if they don't labor, they must pay for it, "so far as is possible"). Now, under this system, what do these negroes earn on an average? 55 cents per day! And what did Mr. Philbrick make out of this unbounded philanthropy in one season—only $80,000 over and above all outlay and other expenses. And all this Mr. P. tells the public, in a long letter, and the New York *Evening Post*, deceived by it, and believing it to be a philanthropy, endorses it.

That Mr. P. really believes that the very millennium of good works has culminated in his transactions here, I have no doubt. It is very easy to be persuaded that one is a philanthropist, when the work engaged in is one which pays such enormous profits. So plausible is Mr. Philbrick's letter, so earnest does he appear to be in his work, so simple-minded in the clean breast he makes of the whole plan of his speculations, that the very best people at the North are deceived by it, and believe him to be a second Wilberforce and Astor united in one.

Now, if these negroes are employed at all upon these plantations—and doubtless they may be with the most perfect propriety—and, in many cases, should be—then they ought to be paid full laborers' wages. Any one of these freedmen may go North if he chooses, and earn from $1.50 to $2.50 per day, as a coal-heaver, or in other branches of manual labor. White men will not work for less here and find themselves, and yet Mr. P.'s method gives them 55 cents! *

The Boston Stock Company ought to return to those negroes the uttermost farthing of the money they have squeezed out of them, paying them an average of $2 per day for the work already done and reëngaging them for another season at the same prices; and, even if that were done, their profits would yet be enormous. All that Mr. P. says of the tendency of the free negro to rest satisfied with a little, and his unfitness to have and manage business for himself, is thrown in for effect. The free negro here is capable of taking care of himself and his family, of cultivating to its full extent his own farm, and of becoming a good citizen—loyal, laborious, honest. This is the united testimony of all who have watched him here for the past two years, except such men as can only see in him a machine to make money for themselves.

I have written thus at length, because I believe that you ought to know these facts, and that, through you, the public ought to know them.

With great respect, yours, ———.

* In justice to Mr. Philbrick, however, it should be stated that the most of his laborers are women and men *not* fully able-bodied; all or most of the able-bodied negroes having been enlisted in the army. Still, taking the value of an able-bodied man's labor to be $2.50 per day, which is not too high, that should be made the basis of their payment, others being paid in the ratio of their ability, with some view to their necessities as well. The women, it should be remembered, are, and always have been, regarded as good, or nearly as good, field-hands as the men, for working cotton. The amount of work which they actually did for Mr. P. in one season, measured by the amount of money *he made by it*, is a pretty good criterion of the real value of their labor.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

IF the friends of liberty could be convinced that slavery is still dangerously alive, they would hasten the passage of the amendment to the Constitution, now before Congress, for its entire abolition all over the United States. Perhaps the following case, now engaging the attention of a court in Tennessee, will show to those who are over-sanguine about the matter that they can afford to omit no proper legislation which shall definitely set this question at rest. We quote from the Nashville *Union* for March 24th:

"A case of much interest was brought before Squire Robinson yesterday morning; it was a suit instituted by Mr. Henry Driver against McClay & Co., for the recovery of twenty-five dollars, the amount of one month's wages due from the above firm to Mr. Driver, for the services of Albert, a negro man owned by plaintiff and employed by defendants. The negro had left his master, and was employed by defendant without Mr. Driver's consent; and further Mr. Driver had notified McClay & Co. that he would hold them responsible for the value of the negro's services. Judgment for plaintiff for the full amount claimed."

Now, slavery is said to be "virtually dead" in Tennessee; a negro who does not choose to remain with his master, goes about his business and earnest a living for himself; and we have been told by former slave-owners that the most of their class were glad to be rid of the expense and care of the blacks. Yet the moment one of these poor fellows engages in any industry, the master comes down upon his employer and sues him for wages. The result will be that no one will dare to employ a negro, and the whole black population of the State will be forced into pauperism.

But it is not only the blacks who will suffer from this state of things. Under such a system the whole industry of the State will languish; though in order to bring back prosperity to her borders, peaceful and lawful industry must be encouraged by every means. *The Union* says:

"There is no doubt but the controversy involved in the above case will absorb the attention of the people to a great extent this Summer, and perhaps longer; *and the result will be paralyzing to the interests of the State of Tennessee.* Men disposed to hire negroes will not do so, for fear they will be compelled to remunerate the master as well as slave; and *the latter will not work for any one without pay.*"

The constitutional amendment has been passed, by the necessary vote, in the Senate. It needs now a two-thirds vote in the House; and must then be ratified by three-fourths of the States. There are at this time thirty-five States in the Union. Colorado, Nebraska and Nevada are knocking at the door for admission, which will probably be granted them by the present Congress. This would make thirty-eight States, of which the votes of three-fourths, or twenty-nine, would be needed for a ratification. It is almost certain that of the twenty-five distinctively loyal States, all but New Jersey and Kentucky will vote for the amendment. Besides these we may count on Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and the three new States we have mentioned, which would give us twenty-nine, and, with Tennessee, thirty. It is thus highly probable that the requisite and constitutional majority of States will vote for the amendment if Congress gives them the oportunity.—*Evening Post.*

REORGANIZATION OF LOUISIANA.

LETTER OF THOMAS J. DURANT.

NEW ORLEANS, March 31, 1864.

The Hon. HENRY WINTER DAVIS, *M. C., Washington, D. C.*

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 12th inst. reached me on the 30th, in answer to mine of 27th ult.

"But what am I to do with it?" Gather from it the idea that Congress, by neglecting to perform the duty of providing regular government for the rebel districts reclaimed by our arms, in leaving us exposed to the evils of military usurpation in civil matters, exposing the cause of Freedom to the attacks of its enemies, and placing us in the dangerous condition of being left with the curse of rebellion in existence, and the State governments in the hands of rebels wearing the masks of loyal men. "Where did the United States lines run; what is in, what is out, of our immediate possession?" Our lines embraced the Parishes of Plaquemines, St. Bernard, New Orleans, Jefferson, St. Charles, St. John the Baptist, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Lafourche, Terrebonne, that portion of the Parish of St. Mary east of the Bayou Teche; the portions of Iberville, East Baton Rouge, and West Baton Rouge immediately on the river bank; the portion of East Feliciana and of St. Tammany on which the troops were encamped. This was absolutely all we possessed; but the possession was not all undisturbed, for in all the parishes above St. John the Baptist, fronting on the river, there were guerilla bands which rendered the life of every man unsafe who was known to have taken an oath of allegiance to the United States; and of this I have personal knowledge.

By the State Auditor's Report of 1860, the population of these parishes was as follows:

Parish.	Free Whites.	Free Colored.	Slaves.	Total.
Plaquemines	5,595	605	4,958	11,158
St. Bernard	1,478	63	1,886	3,427
Orleans	112,172	7,614	11,200	130,986
Jefferson	9,012	466	4,239	13,717
St. Charles	883	129	3,780	4,792
St. John Baptist	2,777	320	4,149	7,246
St. James	3,420	119	8,023	11,562
Ascension	3,630	286	7,218	11,134
Assumption	6,869	82	7,656	14,607
Lafourche	7,372	135	6,261	13,768
Terrebone	4,499	146	6,143	10,788
St. Mary	4,021	513	12,223	16,757
Iberville	5,538	205	10,690	16,433
East Baton Rouge	6,831	429	8,444	15,704
West Baton Rouge	1,900	148	4,977	7,025
East Feliciana	3,913	46	10,335	14,294
Grand total				303,398

I leave entirely out of view the Parish of St. Tammany, because, though there were some votes cast there at the (pretended) gubernatorial election of Feb. 22, yet in point of fact there was but a small fraction of the area of the parish temporarily in the occupation of our troops, and it has since been abandoned. There should also be deducted from the above the following parishes in which votes were cast and returns of election made, because in them our control of the parish was strictly limited to the surface occupied by the camps, viz:

St. Mary	16,757
Iberville	16,433
East Baton Rouge	15,704
West Baton Rouge	7,025
East Feliciana	14,294
Total	70,213

which being deducted from the amount stated above, leaves the population of the parishes which may be said, even under a liberal use of language, to have been "in our undisturbed possession," 233,185.

By the United States Census of 1860, the total population of Louisiana was	708,902
Deduct "within our lines," as above	233,185
Outside of our lines	575,617

(When I begun the above sentence, I supposed the statistics were under my control; but it is impossible to find them).

"What part of the State is *now* capable of taking care of itself and its own population if the United States troops be withdrawn?" There is not a foot of Louisiana which could be held if the United States troops were withdrawn. The whole population within the Union lines has been ordered to be disarmed; the loyal men obeyed the order, but the disloyal evaded it; therefore, as even in New Orleans the disloyal are at least half the population, and in the country parishes a proportion still greater, if no United States force existed, the disloyal persons would have the advantage, even if no aid were received by them from the rebel forces outside our existing lines; which aid, however, they would immediately receive.

"What number voted in the several parishes, distinguishing those in and out of the lines?" None at all voted outside of the lines; even in some parishes, nominally inside the lines, in certain parts election polls could not be held. In the parishes within the lines, the returns of the election of Feb. 22, including 107 votes cast by soldiers at Pensacola, in Florida, show 10,270. The proclamation of Gen. Banks of Jan. 11, 1864, invited the "loyal citizens of the State, qualified to vote in public affairs" . . . . "to cast their votes for the election of State officers"—which were seven executive officers only, who were to constitute the civil government of the State "under the Constitution and laws of Louisiana," etc., etc. This was recognizing the Constitution of the State to be in force, and solving, erroneously, a legal question by a military order, as every one who understands the theory of our government knows that our State Constitution and government were destroyed by the rebellion.

It is not possible to tell you "how many were real residents, and how many were squatters, military or civil?" but the election was certainly not decided by voters qualified under the Constitution and laws of Louisiana, as Gen. Banks's proclamation of the 11th of January, 1864, said it should be, as I have shown in a letter I addressed to the President on the 26th of February last, in which the following language was employed:

"The Commanding General has ordered his election, and the men who boasted they enjoyed his favor and patronage have received a majority of the votes polled; but I desire respectfully to submit that this election does not restore Louisiana to the Union, and is not a reëstablishment of State government according to the terms of your proclamation of the 8th December last.

"That instrument employed the following language:

"'And I do further proclaim, declare and make known, that whenever in any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, etc., a number of persons not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in such States at the Presidential election of the year of our Lord, 1860, and having taken the oath aforesaid, and not having since violated it, *and being a qualified voter* by the election law of the State, existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, *and excluding all others*, shall reëstablish a State government, which shall be republican, and in no wise contravening said oath, such shall be recognized as the true government of the State, etc.'

* * * * * * *

"Nor does the constituency, which voted, come up to the requirements of your proclamation. You said that none but those (who took the oath and) who had the qualifications of voters by the election law next preceding the pretended act of secession, should vote.

"The election law of Louisiana, Constitution of 1852, Art. 12, says that "No soldier, seaman or marine, in the army or navy of the United States, shall be permitted to vote at any election in this State.

"The Major-General commanding here, in his general order of Feb. 13, allowed citizens of the State who have volunteered for the defense of the country in the army and navy, and otherwise qualified voters, 'to cast their votes at the election.' This seems to me to be contrary to your proclamation."

I now add that the effect of the General's order was to admit to the suffrage, at the polls, any and all soldiers who presented themselves; but the number of soldiers who did vote I have no means of knowing.

It was further stated to the President. "The election law of 20th March, 1856, p. 131, with regard to the registration of the voters in New Orleans, provided that no one shall be allowed to vote without registration, and that no person shall be registered within three days of the election. According to this

law, the Register of voters in this city closed his office at the proper time (three days before the election of 22d February); but two other officers were at once ordered to continue to register, viz.: the two City Recorders, who by law have no such powers; and they did register night and day, during those three days, very large numbers of voters, who voted at the election. Now, all such persons had not the legal qualification of voters according to your proclamation."

Now all these votes cast by sailors and soldiers and all those cast by persons registered during the last three days prior to the election were illegal; but, though known to be large, it is impossible to state the number. All the Commissioners of Elections were named by the military authorities, who were known to be in favor of Mr. Hahn; and for any one without authority and outside of their circle to obtain information is absolutely impossible; hence your direction, "Send the poll-books, with the names, and mark the intruders," is given under a mistaken idea of our powers.

"Why did *your* people go to the polls *at all* to lend countenance to an election where you could not succeed, and which gained power by the fact of your recognizing it? Will our people never learn self-control and independence enough to abstain from countenancing such an outrage, for fear that, if it be successful, they may be left on the outside?"

The Free State General Committee, of which I was and am President, had had charge of the work of civil reorganization, supported by Gen. Shepley, the Military Governor, who was acting under the orders of the War Department to that effect. Mr. Hahn had been a member of our Committee, but left it abruptly about July 1, 1863, refusing to assign any reason for so doing, but plainly, and as we all believed, because he feared at that time to say he was in favor of a Free State. About that time, we had hung out a flag from the window of our Committee-room, on the most frequented street of the city, with "Free State" inscribed on it—the first flag of the kind ever seen in Louisiana. In the work of civil reorganization, we did not move very rapidly, nor did we desire to do so; for we had to work by convincing men, not by military orders; and these convictions we had to bring about in the most intensely pro-slavery part of Louisiana, the Ist and IId Congressional Districts, the sugar region, where the President has maintained slavery by his Proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863, and where the slave-owners had not the faintest idea of giving it up; but, on the contrary, were, with all their dependents, fanatically in favor of it, and ardently sympathizing with the rebellion. But we were going on as fast as it was possible or safe to do. The President became impatient at the delays which his own pro-slavery policy had caused. He was probably kept misinformed by ignorant and unscrupulous persons here. Mr. Flanders, formerly member of Congress from the 1st District of Louisiana, was in Washington about the beginning of November last. In an interview with the President, the latter complained to him of the slow progress we were making. Mr. Flanders pointed out to him that *that* was owing to the President's own course, who had, among other things, expressed the opinion that no attempt should be made to reorganize a State government until a large portion (more than half) of the territory and population of the State should be under the flag, and the population ripe for action. The President admitted this, but said he would then modify his views; that the reëstablishment of a State government in Louisiana was of immense importance to the government, particularly in its foreign relations, and that Mr. F. must say to our friends in Louisiana that we must organize a State government at once, no matter with how small an area or population, and he would recognize it and sustain it with the executive power. Mr. F. brought this message to us in November. It was a direct appeal to us to aid the policy of the government. We gave up our own judgment, after some debate, and appointed a committee, which waited upon the Military Governor, Gen. Shepley, and asked him to call a convention election, the only mode of reorganization which had ever been proposed. Gov. Shepley promised to order an election of delegates to be held on the 25th of January or thereabout; but, for reasons which I did not clearly comprehend, did not fulfil his design. On the 8th of January, Gen. Banks showed me a letter from the President, dated the 24th of December, giving over to him the whole subject of civil reorganization; the tone of this letter was very unpleasant, frequently employing the expression that the General was *master* of everything and everybody in Louisiana. On the 11th of January, General Banks issued his proclamation ordering an election of State executive officers, to be held on the 22d of February, and "an election for delegates for the revision of the Constitution on the first Monday of April, 1864."

I send with this a copy of the proclamation. You will see that when he issued it, he had made up his mind his Governor should appoint two U. S. Senators, and that he (the General) would also order an election of members of Congress. The proclamation avows the false and dangerous doctrine that a State Constitution exists and can be recognized by the United States after the State is in rebellion; which, if true, makes the rebel Governor the constitutional Governor of the State; for, although he may have committed the crime of treason, he has never been removed, or even convicted; and therefore, if that Constitution exists, is the legal Governor. The proclamation announces the absurd and despotic doctrine that the "fundamental law of the State is martial law," *i. e.*, the caprice of a military officer.

When this proclamation appeared, our Committee was much disturbed by its principles, and a great deal of debate ensued. We published a protest against these principles, but determined to participate in the election, for the reason that we had no ground for believing that Gen. Banks would give his aid to any candidate, because we thought the contest would merely be between a Pro-Slavery and an Anti-Slavery man; because we wished to have, for the sake of his influence on the election for members of a Constitutional Convention, a Governor of our own views, and because a great number thought it a duty to vote at an election. This latter feeling was confirmed and enlarged by the expressions of the Commanding General in his proclamation on the "Relations between Labor and Capital," wherein he attacked the problem that all the wisdom of mankind has hitherto been unable to settle, and in which he said, "those who have exercised or are entitled to the rights of citizens of the United States, *will be required to participate* in the measures necessary for the reëstablishment of civil government." I send also a copy of this proclamation.

Our Committee, after their protest, and, in order to reconcile differences, asked the General to change the day for election of members of Convention from April 4 to Feb. 22, the day of election for State officers. This he at first promised us to do, but immediately after refused, but said he would order the election of members of Congress on the Convention election day. We then called a Convention to nominate candidates. Our call was obeyed, and a nominating Convention was assembled on the 1st of February. This Convention was broken up by ruffians acting in the interest of Mr. Hahn, and our friends, who were really the majority, nominated Mr. Flanders. With this, I send you a report of the Committee on Credentials, showing the correctness of this statement. Mr. Hahn, being thus nominated, it was soon found by us that the election was not to be a fair one. The whole Police force of the city, and all the civil employees of the government, and the whole influence of Gen. Banks, were thrown against us, and in favor of Mr. Hahn. It would be too long to give you all the details of this corrupt and violent electioneering scheme, which resulted in the choice of Mr. Hahn on the 22d of February. I have given it, at some length, in a letter I addressed on the 25th of February to the Hon. George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts; in another, about the same time, to the Hon. H. L. Dawes of the same State, and in another about the same date, to the Hon. Thad. Stevens of Pennsylvania; but none of these letters have been acknowledged, and I do not know whether they had been received; if they had, I suppose those gentlemen would have let me know it. My letters to the President also have not been acknowledged. These are some of the leading causes which induced us to go into the election. In the first place, we were appealed to by the President to aid his government, and in the next we had no idea, until taught better by experience, that the military authority would be arrayed against us.

Soon after the election of Mr. Hahn, Gen. Banks issued a proclamation, changing the day for electing members to a Constitutional Convention from the 4th of April to the 28th of March. No reason was given for shortening the delay by one week, nor can I conjecture any. In the latter proclamation, the election of Members of Congress was omitted, and Mr. Hahn has made no attempt to appoint Senators.

Warned by the experience of the Gubernatorial election that no members of the Convention could be chosen save those who were approved by the military commander, our Committee refused to have anything to do with the Convention election. The members chosen from the city, with some few handsome exceptions, are men who have never enjoyed the confidence of the friends of the Union.

The total vote reported as polled in New Orleans on the 22d of February last was 5,694.

The total vote of the City and Algiers (a portion of the parish on the opposite bank of the Mississippi), at the Convention election, as reported unofficially in the military organ, *The Era*, is between 3,400 and 3,500. No returns have been published from the other parishes. In New Orleans, soldiers voted as before, but I do not know how many. There can be no check or guard upon an election carried on under such influences.

These influences I, perhaps, cannot make you understand. For that purpose, you must have lived for two years under martial law, where the whole executive, judicial and legislative power is in the hands of one man; where the press is under absolute control; where universal suspicion and calumny poison the atmosphere; but, had you lived under this, you could perceive the mean and sycophantic spirit it produces in the people, and with what profound reverence and prompt obedience they bow down to whatever they believe to be the wish of a commanding general.

It is announced, within a few days, that the President has appointed Mr. Hahn Military Governor of Louisiana. If this be so, it would seem to abandon the idea that a civil government has been established.

I will endeavor at once to prepare and send on a memorial against the organization of any State government in Louisiana for the present.

I remain, with great respect, your obd't serv't,

THOMAS J. DURANT.

Since closing the foregoing letter, I have been furnished by a friend with the statistics of the Presidential election of 1860:

Plaquemines	448	St. Bernard	258
New Orleans	10,858	Jefferson	1,588
St. Charles	163	St. John Baptist	342
St. James	620	Ascension	779
Assumption	1,022	Lafourche	1,047
Terrebonne	915	St. Mary	892
Iberville	895	East Baton Rouge	1,199
W. Baton Rouge	372	W. Feliciana	498
Total			21,866

T. J. D.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.

Tuesday Morning, May 10.

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Thirty-first Anniversary in the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, at 10 a.m. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President, in the chair. Addresses by GEORGE THOMPSON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and others; with appropriate music. A collection taken for the Society's treasury.

Tuesday Evening, May 10.

Business Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans at 7½ o'clock.

Wednesday Morning, May 11.

Business Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday Evening, May 11.

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Public Meeting for addresses at the Cooper Institute at 8 o'clock. Speakers, WENDELL PHILLIPS and GEORGE THOMPSON. Appropriate singing by the distinguished vocalist, JAMES G. CLARK. Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

ABOUT CONGRESS.

WE have had occasion, within the quarter of a century, or near it, that THE STANDARD has existed, to hold up to the indignation or contempt of the Anti-Slavery part of the nation, a dozen or so of Congresses. For base subserviency to the Slave Power, for cringing servility in the presence of the lords of the lash, for swift alacrity in exhausting worlds of sycophantic submission and then imagining new, as Stephen Douglas did in the matter of the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, for every phase of meanness and eager complicity with every pro-slavery villany, it would be hard to bestow the palm justly to the competitors for superior loyalty to slavery, of many Congresses before the slaveholders kicked us into this war. The last Congress, though it left many things undone that it ought to have done, still did many that it ought to do, such as the prohibition of slavery in the Territories, its abolition in the District of Columbia, its confiscation act and several other worthy doings, and it deserves on the whole the credit of having done more virtuously than any that had gone before it, for many years, if not from the beginning. Great things were consequently hoped from the present Congress. It was believed that it would finish the work which its predecessor had so well begun, and that nothing would be left undone that legislation could do to clear the Statute Book of the Nation of all taint of slavery. The declaration that slavery had everywhere ceased to exist, from the military and political necessities of the nation, at least the initiation of a constitutional amendment to that effect, the Repeal of the Fugitive Slave Act, and, above all, the compelling by Legislative Act from the President and War Department of the simple justice to the negroes they had invited or compelled to fight for the country, which had been denied them by as flagrant a breach of faith as ever blackened the pages of any nation's history. We think Senator Wilson used none too strong language when he said that the rebels at Fort Pillow had not treated the black soldiers more infamously than our own government had done. All these things the nation had hoped of this Congress, and, in addition to these, such an increase of their own taxation as should make the public faith to the public creditor certain. None of these things have been done, of none is there any reasonable prospect that they will be done, excepting the last, which Congress has, after four months delay, taken up, in obedience to the indignant outcry of all the loyal men in the country. If the Thirty-eighth Congress does not mend its ways it will have a good chance of being written down, certainly, not the most detestable, but the most despicable one that has ever been held.

And yet this Congress has it in its power to mould the future of the country as none that has gone before it ever had, provided our arms have the success that we have a just right to expect from them after all we have done to ensure it. It very much depends upon what this Congress does or neglects to do, whether victory shall be really worth winning, or whether it shall bring us a future as black as any defeat could do. The condition of society in the rebel States after submission, the real union and true prosperity of the nation established firmly over its whole territory, genuine republican governments erected in the place of the close oligarchies now predominating over half the soil, protection everywhere to every honest man and honorable industry, and the wealth and greatness which must flow from these righteous changes, or the restoration of the dominion of the landed aristocracy, whether with nominal slavery or not, to the absolute control of the labor and the soil and consequently of the character and prosperity of the South country, and, inevitably, to almost if not quite as absolute a control of the North as well, all these things lie very much in the hands of this Congress. It is by no means impossible that we may see ourselves at the time of the next Presidential election, after the one impending, as completely subjected to the Southern landed aristocracy as we used to be to the man-owning one. And this, after victory on our part and enforced submission on theirs. All depends upon the wisdom and sagacity with which the state of things to follow a victorious peace shall have been arranged. The policy of the President evidently is to leave the condition of things in the South as nearly as possible in the condition it was before the war, chattel slavery alone excepted—and not that, if the Supreme Court overrule his proclamation. This, we think, is clear from his avowed readiness to leave the regulation of labor and the conditions of property to the legislatures to be elected by one-tenth of the inhabitants. If to such a legislature, then of course to one elected after the war by the whole population. For when the war is over it is idle to expect that the veil of amnesty will not be thrown over all the frailties of our erring brethren, with the nominal exception of a few of the leaders. If a national policy be not adopted in advance of that dangerously critical moment, lands and other property (excepting slaves, supposing the proclamation to be upheld) will be confirmed to their present owners, with possibly a handful of exceptions. With the possession of the lands and the regulation of the labor, the control of the landed aristocracy over the inhabitants of the States would be nearly as complete as ever, and, with the help of the Northern Copperheads, would soon have the control of the General government again—possibly, even to the reëstablishment of chattel slavery, for a season.

The only effectual way to guard against this danger is to provide for the sale of lands of rebel owners at a reasonable figure to the first comer, black or white, after the soldiers who have done the fighting have had proper and liberal allotments assigned to them. Black soldiers as well as white soldiers, and even more than they. And then black and white proprietors, at least—if not every man, at first—given the ballot with which to protect himself by law. And this condition of things to be protected by the presence of large bodies of troops in the capital cities and at important points in the subdued country. Otherwise we shall see everywhere what Gen. Banks has fortunately shown us a sample of in Louisiana. He has shown how all the incidents and mischiefs of slavery can be maintained without the name, and matters all so arranged that the name too can be had at very short notice. The portion of Louisiana now in his Department is as effectually under the rule of the old slaveholding sugar-planters, and the rebellious population of New Orleans, as it was before Butler took possession of it. Senators, rebel in grain, will be sent to Congress by his legislature, and Congressmen by his constituencies. Now we do not think such a settlement of all our troubles would be a satisfactory one. The blood and treasure which has been poured out like water will have been worse than wasted if this, or anything like it, is to be the upshot of the matter. The only ending of this war which can be worth what it will cost, supposing it to end in our favor, is the reorganization of Southern society by the infusion of the element of free labor, white and black, and its protection by the ballot, given to the black as well as to the white—secured, while it is necessary, by the presence of troops and the stringencies of martial law. Anything less than this will be a delusion and a snare, and will produce a state of things which will make us lament that we did not let the wayward sisters depart in peace at the outset. This Congress can and should provide for, as well as the other matters instantly demanding its attention. But we fear the chief end of man in America, electioneering for President, will absorb all the energies of its members, and that, in their eagerness to make this or that man Head of the Nation, they may chance to leave it without a body worth preserving.

But the inhering baseness of this refusal of Congress to do justice to the black soldiers, why the word "white" is not to be stricken out of the bills creating the new territories, and all its other shabbinesses and negligencies, lies in the reason therefor. The fear, to wit, of offending and alienating the viler and pro-slavery portion of the Republican party and thereby endangering the nomination or the election of a favorite candidate! This is why Senator Fessenden of Maine has consented to smirch his fair hereditary Anti-Slavery fame with his refusal of justice to the black soldiers. This, why Senator Sherman of Ohio has branded his own brow with the indelible disgrace of pandering to pro-slavery malignity in the matter of the Territories. We have more hope of Mr. Lincoln than of them and such as them. His great misfortune, and the misfortune of the country in him, is, that he was born and bred a Poor White in a slave State. The prejudices of that class are vastly more indelible than those of the master order, as we see in the instances of Winter Davis, Gratz Brown, Cassius M. Clay, Gen. Hamilton of Texas, and many others. They have little of the inveterate prejudice against the negro which characterizes the lower orders in the slave States, and are much more willing to accept the necessities of emancipation with all its incidents. But then, happily, Mr. Lincoln can learn, though slowly. His slowness has done the country and his own prosperity much harm and caused much suffering, but he has not obstinately insisted upon them. His attempt to deport the free negroes was ridiculous in its conception and calamitous in its carrying out. He does not persist in it. His interference to hinder emancipation by law in Missouri was most unhappy to that State and to himself. But he did take himself out of the way at last. So of the superseding of Butler by Banks and his consenting to the infamous injustice to the black troops. For that responsibility cannot be shuffled over to the Secretary of War. We trust that he will yet see that the true path to an enviable reputation, and even to the gratification of his ambition, lies through justice to blacks and whites and a just though severe winding up of the war, so as to make its renewal impossible and its sacrifices not in vain. Congress may yet have its share in this good work, and if it do it well, its dilatoriness may yet be forgiven if not forgotten.

MR. THOMPSON'S MOVEMENTS.

ON Friday evening, the 22d inst., George Thompson, Esq., delivered an address on American Affairs in Elmira, Chemung Co., New York. The particulars of his reception there are unknown to us.

From Elmira he went to Syracuse, where, on Tuesday evening, the 19th, in Wieting Hall, he delivered an address before a large and appreciative audience, in aid of the Freedmen's Relief Association, speaking an hour and three-quarters to the apparent satisfaction of the entire assemblage. The Syracuse *Journal* says:

"The opening of his address was appropriate to the day—April 19th—the eighty-ninth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, and the third anniversary of the firing upon Massachusetts soldiers by a mob in the streets of Baltimore; important historical events, to which he alluded in a manner that met the approval of of every loyal person present. His comments upon the inauguration and progress of the war evinced a thorough knowledge of the subject and a correct appreciation of the bearing of every fact and incident. But the most interesting and satisfactory part of the address were the statements relative to the feeling existing in England towards the North and her cause. The efforts of the public men who have stood by us from the outset were concisely presented, and the heroic devotion to the cause of Liberty of the thousands of idle and starving operatives was stated so grandly that it sent a thrill of admiration through every loyal heart. The speaker's appeal to his hearers to consent to no Union in the future that shall not be founded and organized on the principles of justice and right, was urgent and eloquent. We have prepared a sketch of Mr. Thompson's address, which is necessarily deferred."

The Standard says:

"His remarks throughout were very interesting, exhibiting a remarkable memory of historic and familiarity with transpiring events; clothed in plain but concise language, delivered with a deliberateness and earnestness that riveted the attention of every listener. Often his language and manner became brilliantly eloquent. He was attentively listened to throughout, and many times warmly applauded, the Reverend gentlemen upon the stage heartily joining in the applause."

From Syracuse he went to Auburn, where he delivered two addresses—the first on Wednesday evening, the 21st, the second on Thursday evening, the 22d. The subject of the second lecture was, "The Unionists and Copperheads of England and America." We have seen no public report, but learn from private sources that his reception in Auburn was every way cordial and encouraging. On Friday the Pastors of the different Churches called on him at his lodgings, to pay him their tribute of respect and gratitude for his invaluable services in behalf of the American cause in England.

Mr. Thompson spoke in Rochester on Monday and Tuesday evenings of the present week. The following letter, which reached us while we are writing, will be read with interest:

OSBORNE HOUSE, ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 25, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I doubt not you will be pleased to hear that America's great foreign advocate, Geo. Thompson, Esq., had a reception this morning (although very stormy) in part worthy of the man. Corinthian Hall was crowded with the most enthusiastic audience ever assembled within its walls. Mr. Thompson appeared in a happier mood than when he lately addressed the Brooklynites, although his topic was nearly the same. His listeners were enchanted by his living words of logic, as he presented, one after another, the duties of freemen, portraying in the style peculiarily his own the work still unaccomplished for the cause of liberty, and urging them to buckle on their armor and put their shoulders to the wheel, and with determined effort raise their country out of the slough of barbarism to the solid foothold of humanity and justice. His sweeping denunciations of the crime of slavery were received with thunders of applause; and when he referred to England's working-classes as our strong supporters, the old Hall resounded with cheers.

Rochester did well in giving to the noble Abolitionist such a hearty welcome. Our country is fast hastening to the time when it will look upon George Thompson as one of its benefactors; and posterity will write his name upon the scroll of fame, linked with the names of all great Reformers.

Yours for the cause, E. A. STUDWELL.

On Friday evening of this week Mr. Thompson is engaged to deliver another lecture in Syracuse. On Saturday he will proceed to Eastern Pennsylvania, to speak in the following places next week, viz: Chester, Delaware Co., on Monday evening; West Chester, Chester Co., on Wednesday evening; at the Covenanters' Church in Cherry St., Philadelphia, on Friday evening.

Mr. Thompson will address the American Anti-Slavery Society in the Church of the Puritans on Tuesday morning, May 10th, and at the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, May 11th. After that he will go to New England, where he will remain until the close of the N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, and in the week following will attend the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends in Chester Co., Pa.

Mr. Thompson's numerous friends on the other side of the water may be assured that he is doing a great and glorious work in this country. The friends of liberty wherever he goes greet him with enthusiasm and listen with delight to his addresses, while multitudes who, on the occasion of his former visit, cried out, "Away with him! away with him! the foreign intermeddler and fanatic!" are now eager to do him honor. The change is marvellous indeed—nothing less than a moral and political revolution.

THE FREEDMEN—TEACHERS WANTED.

OUR Freedmen's Aid Commissions are penetrating into what has been until lately the very heart of secessia. The Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association are at this moment, through the agency of Mr. Wm. F. Mitchell, their General Superintendent, organizing schools and locating teachers in Middle Tennessee, and across the border, in parts of Northern Alabama. Mr. Mitchell writes to the Corresponding Secretary of the Association in Philadelphia that Teachers are very much wanted out there. Cannot more be sent—he says, "and that very soon? I think I could locate twenty if I had them."

We learn from the Secretary that the Association are selecting and commissioning teachers—male and female—as fast as candidates duly qualified and recommended offer themselves. But it is not all who present themselves that are duly qualified. Some want to go because they fancy a Southern climate would benefit their health; others because they hope in so doing to improve their worldly condition; that is, looking at the salary of $20 or $25 a month, with transportation and subsistence, and the eclat and novelty of the undertaking, they think they would be doing better by going as teachers to the Freedmen, than by remaining at the North in their present vocation, whatever that may be. Such persons are not what would be called duly qualified.

The requisites needed for acceptance and success in this service are—purity of purpose and character; a heart-interest in the work; fair health; good common sense; patience, industry and aptness to teach, and gentlemanly and lady-like habits and manners.

The inducements are—a boundless field of usefulness, and limitless opportunities of serving to the best advantage the cause of Freedom and Humanity; such a field and such opportunities as have never before and may never again present themselves. The rewards will be: Peace of mind—a peace which the world can neither give nor take away; the approval of conscience—better than the plaudits of thousands; and the blessings of the poor and of them that are ready to perish.

If any of our readers should incline to enter this service under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association, we would advise them to correspond with the Secretary, J. M. McKim, 424 Walnut st., Philadelphia, whose advertisement will be found in another column.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY AND FREEDMEN'S FAIR.

APPEAL FROM FRANCES D. GAGE.

ST. LOUIS, April 17, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

YOUR readers will not have forgotten the appeal made to them through THE STANDARD, in the Spring days of 1863, in behalf of the Freedmen of Paris Island, South Carolina; nor have I forgotten with what prompt generosity that appeal was answered. And now, like poor Oliver Twist, having been so well refreshed by that, I come again, holding out my ladle and asking for more. Oliver begged for himself; I beg for those more needy than even he. Every one I meet, that knows anything of the condition of the contraband camps of the South-west, gives testimony of their suffering and destitution. All the efforts yet made by the philanthropic statesmen of this portion of the country have failed to organize any adequate system of labor by which the freed people of the Mississippi Valley can be enabled to take care of themselves; and of course they must suffer until that is done, and the friends of humanity, North, East and West, must see to it that they are not left to bring that worst of all reproaches upon the friends of emancipation, viz: that we took them from their masters, only to let them die of want and suffering in freedom.

So impressed are the Radicals of St. Louis with this idea, that they have given a department in their great Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair to the Freedmen. Does not the world move? This is a slave city, and in a slave State. Will not the readers of THE STANDARD give aid and encouragement to this new enterprise? The Metropolitan Fair is reported as adding a million dollars to that already prosperous and noble institution the Sanitary Commission; but in all its booths there was no place for even a few of the four million poor souls who have been compelled to be the cause of all this need of aid for the soldiers. Our soldiers have gone forth to battle and fallen by thousands at the hands of traitors, whose only cause for rebellion was the desire to enslave their fellow-men; and these Freedmen, who have escaped from these tyrants either by military necessity or by their own will, shall we let them suffer? St. Louis, to her honor be it told, in the great effort now making does not forget them; and I pray you, friends, do not forget the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, which remembers its duty to the black soldier as well as the white, and opens a door for all the friends who wish to contribute to that special department.

Let it not be meagerly filled. Let not the word go forth that friends of the once enslaved failed to do their part in this humane work. Encouragement given here will result in greater good hereafter, and if the hundreds of thousands who crowd this great city during the Fair find the Freedmen's Booths well filled, they will go hence with renewed feelings of respect for the cause of the negro, and will be induced to join the great popular army that is marching onward with firm and unbroken tread towards Universal Emancipation. Let me not plead for the West and South-west in vain; and while the valiant deeds of our Western soldiers stir your hearts with gratitude, and you generously give that they may know no want, open your purses to those whom their manly valor has released from bondage.

My post-office address for a few weeks will be St. Louis, Mo., Box 2117. FRANCES D. GAGE.

LAND AND LABOR IN THE SOUTH.—Some weeks since, we copied a letter addressed to *The Evening Post* by Edward S. Philbrick, Esq., giving the results of his experience in the cultivation of cotton by the labor of the Freedmen at Port Royal. Mr. Philbrick, it will be remembered, doubted the wisdom of permitting the blacks to buy at a nominal price the improved lands of the South, and expressed the opinion that their permanent welfare would be best promoted by a system which should invite white capitalists to go there and give them employment at fair wages. As the question thus raised is one in respect to which there is a difference of opinion among the friends of the negro, we have thought it only fair to copy from *The Independent* a letter replying to Mr. Philbrick and urging the importance of allowing the Freedmen to become owners and not merely tillers of the soil. To guard against any misunderstanding as to our motive in printing the letter we copy the following editorial paragraph by which it was accompanied in *The Independent*, merely observing that it expresses our own feelings and convictions:

"We print on another page a communication from a responsible source, concerning the Freedmen at Port Royal. It may be that the writer is mistaken, or it may be, as is certainly possible and rather to be expected, that the love of money has supplanted the love of exact justice in the Sea Islands, as in other communities of emancipated blacks. As for the personal criticisms contained in the article, they constitute a part of the general argument, and so are allowed admission with the rest; but we desire to profess our great confidence in the character and good intentions of Mr. Philbrick, and our willingness to attribute his alleged illiberality to an honest endeavor to infuse into his employees the spirit of absolute independence. Premising so much, we recommend a perusal of the article alluded to, with especial reference to the subject of the freedman's relation to the soil."

SUBSCRIPTION TESTIMONIAL TO GEORGE THOMPSON.

From The Liberator of April 8.

IT will be seen by the following Circular, signed by the Governor of the State, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and other eminent citizens, that it is proposed to raise a Subscription Testimonial, to be presented to George Thompson, Esq., in grateful recognition of the eminent service he has rendered the whole country, since the rebellion broke out, by his indefatigable efforts in England to defeat the plots of rebel sympathizers and emissaries, and preserve amicable relations between the two countries. The proposition is highly creditable to all parties; and if carried out, as it should be, and we trust will be, on a handsome and generous scale, it will prove of international interest and value—increasing the number of our trans-Atlantic friends, and cheering them by a substantial proof of the liberty-loving purpose of those who are upholding the government and its flag.

The Circular having been, as yet, sent only to a few individuals—and being such as makes its appeal to all loyal and patriotic men on the distinct basis of eminent and disinterested service done the government, without prompting or thought of even a vote of thanks—it is deemed proper that it should be given the fullest publicity, through the loyal press of the country (and they are respectfully requested to copy it in full, or give the substance of it to their readers), so that not only the personal and intimate friends of Mr. Thompson may be apprised of this laudable effort, but also all loyal men and women who may delight in this manner to testify their respect and gratitude.

It is not intended to appropriate the money that may be raised to the buying of a service of plate, or anything of the kind; but it is to be invested in the best possible manner for the benefit of Mr. Thompson in his advancing years, and of his family, by the responsible Trustees whose names are given (than whom three better men cannot be found in the Commonwealth)—and who will be happy to receive whatever donations, from the smallest to the largest sums (the more that participate, the better), those who approve the object may feel able to give.

If this testimonial should be favorably regarded by the various Union Leagues in the country, and their coöperation secured, "many hands" would indeed "make light work," and a munificent sum be raised worthy of the republic, and world-wide in its beneficent and liberty-inspiring influence.

CIRCULAR.

At a period when the North seemed to have but few friends in England—when the efforts of secessionists and those in their interest threatened to disturb the peace of the two countries, GEORGE THOMPSON devoted himself to the noble work of dispelling the delusion caused by misrepresentation and falsehood, and of convincing the liberal and the laboring classes of Europe that our cause is identified with their own.

He travelled through England, addressing large and respectable audiences, placing facts before the people, and explaining the real nature of the issue between the North and the South.

Without fee or reward he has labored to prevent misunderstanding between the nations, and has thus contributed to preserve the peace of the world.

It has been said of him that "he never turned his back on a good cause, or put his hand to a bad one."

As a recognition of these valuable services, it is proposed that a fund be raised and placed in the hands of John M. Forbes, Samuel E. Sewall, and John H. Stephenson, as Trustees, to be by them appropriated, at their discretion, for a testimonial worthy the man and the cause.

Subscriptions for the above object may be sent to JOHN M. FORBES, 36 City Exchange; SAMUEL E. SEWALL, 46 Washington street; or JOHN H. STEPHENSON, 12 Arch street.

JOHN A. ANDREW,	F. W. BIRD,
JOEL HAYDEN,	WILLIAM B. ROGERS,
J. E. FIELD,	GEORGE S. HALE,
ALEX. H. BULLOCK,	S. G. WARD,

ERASTUS HOPKINS.

Boston, Feb. 26, 1864.

It is very desirable that those who intend subscribing to this Testimonial should do so with no unnecessary delay. Our esteemed friend, John Hopper, Esq., of New York, sends us $50 for this purpose; and we shall be happy to be made the medium for similar subscriptions, to any extent. So—we will venture to add—will Oliver Johnson, Esq., Editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and Theodore Tilton, Esq., Editor of *The Independent*, New York; and J. Miller McKim, Esq., Office of Freedman's Association, Philadelphia. In connection with his donation of $200 (already acknowledged), Hon. Gerrit Smith, in a private note, says—"George Thompson both needs and deserves a handsome testimonial. The old age of so able and faithful a servant of mankind should be made as comfortable as money can make it." But the contemplated testimonial is not simply a matter of personal regard and good will—at this time it has an international bearing of no slight significance.

OUR FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

PHILADELPHIA, April 6th, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

EVERY new testimony to the fact that the great heart of the *people* of England is beating in sympathy with ours, in the struggle between Liberty and Slavery in America, is so valuable, that I take the liberty of sending you an extract from a private letter which I recently received from a Baptist clergyman in Birmingham, which will, I think, be interesting to your readers. Almost every steamer from Europe comes freighted, now, with evidences that just so far as the eyes of the *people* are opened to perceive the real nature of our struggle, their hearts respond to ours. And in England, as we very well know, the Government cannot long resist the People.

"We are all looking with anxious hearts for your weary struggle with the *oppressors* to end (as I for one confidently expect it will) in victory for the cause of justice and freedom. Such I believe to be the object now of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, and of all true patriots in the North; and I do pray the God of armies speedily, if it please Him, to grant their desire, and to end the strife. The hearts of all true Englishmen ache for you; and I am persuaded that sympathy for the South, here, is confined to those who prefer gain to godliness and are interested in degrading labor. I thank God, the mass of Englishmen detest the Southern cause; and the day of Northern triumph will be a day of joy to millions here.

"WILLIAM LEESE GILES."

This testimony is in accordance with that which Dr. Massie, last year, brought to us, and which George Thompson has recently uttered in our Northern cities, and will, this evening, utter in the Capitol of the Nation, in the presence of the Executive and Legislative leaders of the Republic.

While we rejoice that this feeling has, at last, been awakened in England, we must acknowledge that the tardiness of our own government to take a really and evidently anti-slavery position in the contest, has been one of the chief causes of the coldness of our British brethren, which, at first, so keenly disappointed the true friends of freedom, here. M. G.

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON, on Wednesday evening of last week, before the Unconditional Union Club, in Hitzelberger Hall, Eighth avenue, delivered a cogent and well-reasoned address on "The Basis of the new Republic." He criticized very freely and earnestly, but in a very candid and convincing manner, the Reconstruction policy of the President as disclosed in the Amnesty proclamation and the proceedings under it. He contended that the emancipated slaves, who are the true loyalists of the South, should be admitted to all the rights of citizenship, on equal terms with men of a white complexion, and that the reörganization of the States of the South should be postponed until the Rebellion is completely crushed and slavery destroyed.

The matter and spirit of Mr. Garrison's address evinced a logical mind, clear moral perceptions, unswerving loyalty to Right, and a fine literary taste. It only needed a little more warmth of manner to make it truly eloquent.

THE FORT PILLOW MASSACRE.—The details of this bloody affair, in part, will be found on the first page; but there are still further particulars for which we cannot make room this week.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 24, 1864.

THE Spring campaign is about opening in Virginia, and it is probable that the greatest battle of modern times will be fought within a fortnight. The government is preparing for it with the utmost care in respect of the wounded soldiers. Gen. Grant is entirely responsible for the plan of the campaign in all its details, and the Administration is in no respect responsible for the campaign, except that the President has given the command of the armies to Gen. Grant. The military activity in Washington is great. Troops are constantly arriving from the North and West, and are dispatched no one knows whither. A great battle cannot be far off, for cots for fifteen thousand persons have been prepared in the hospitals here. I met troops in the streets to-day fresh from Ohio, and I hear that some are about to arrive from South Carolina. Gen. Grant is concentrating an immense force in Virginia, and of one thing the country may feel confident, and that is that Gen. Grant will not be whipped. He may fail in his first attempt to drive Lee from his intrenched position. He may be repulsed, but the Army of the Potomac cannot be destroyed. No great disaster, it seems to me, is within the range of possibilities. But on the other hand prudent men will not be too confident of a great victory. The rebels are in great force. Their conscription act has been enforced with severity, and it has added largely to the strength of the rebel armies. Lee has probably 75,000 men on the Rapidan, and he may have 100,000.

The assertions of the New York *World* that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton are trying to persuade Gen. Grant to postpone active operations, lest an unfortunate result should harm the political prospects of the President, are base and false. The President has urged upon Gen. Grant repeatedly the importance of an *early* campaign, but of course without attempting to force him to advance till he is fully ready.

A failure in the campaign, it is generally thought, will result in the nomination of somebody beside Mr. Lincoln at the Baltimore Convention, but I am not one of those who think it will affect Mr. Lincoln's fortunes in the Convention. A disastrous campaign may give the Presidency to our political foes, but I doubt if it would either help or harm any man who is a candidate in the Republican National Convention. Should the Convention be postponed (which by the way is exceedingly improbable), it is not only possible, but even probable, that Mr. Lincoln would not be nominated, but I do not see how a failure in Gen. Grant's Spring campaign should affect his political fortunes. He nominated Gen. Grant to the place he now holds, but the House of Representatives first voted almost unanimously that Gen. Grant should be made a Lieutenant-General. The House and Senate are as much responsible for the appointment of Gen. Grant as the President is. What if he fails, then? Is Mr. Lincoln to be blamed? As I am not one of Mr. Lincoln's enthusiastic admirers, I can ask that fair play be accorded to him without exciting suspicion that I am endeavoring to make political capital for him.

The Senate has at last passed a bill giving black troops the same pay as white. I fear it stands a poor chance in the House. The House Military Committee has a number of Major-Generals on it, and they are supposed to look with disfavor upon any bill equalizing the pay of troops. Gen. Blair has left, or is about to leave, Washington, and Gen. Garfield is in favor of the Senate bill. I hear Gen. Schenck has got some plan of Gen. McDowell's in his head, which proposes to divide the negro troops into classes, paying them according to their rank. These troops, under the influence of Fort Pillow massacres and the gross injustice of inferior pay, are rapidly becoming demoralized, and will soon justify the predictions of the Copperheads respecting them. The injustice of this government towards them is monstrous, and we have no right to expect success in the field so long as we refuse to do right in this matter. I notice around me in this city large numbers of negroes subject to do military duty, liable to be drafted, and the most of them are in constant terror lest they shall be forced into the service. They expect to be butchered in cold blood by their enemies—expect to be paid as if they were dogs and not men—expect that their government will keep up the old show of *threatening* to retaliate, and that it never will retaliate. They may be entirely wrong, and I hope they are, but it is their conviction. Mr. Lincoln will do well to disband his negro regiments unless he intends to protect them, and Congress will do well to repeal its Conscription Act, so far as it applies to colored people, or pass a bill equalizing the pay of the troops. If this is not done within two months, I predict the utter demoralization of our colored troops, and this is the opinion of Gen. Butler.

There was a very important debate in the Senate, a few days since, between Senator Sumner and Senator Foster of Connecticut upon the bill repealing all laws for catching fugitive slaves. Mr. Foster is willing to repeal the law of 1850, but will not consent that the law of 1793 shall be touched. He is a Conservative Republican, a man of fine abilities, and is doubtless a thorough enemy of slavery. His speech, however, reads a good deal like a speech from pro-slavery lips. As the debate is most important, let me give a few quotations from it—especially from the running controversy between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Foster:

Mr. Sumner—The Senator puts me that question. I answer directly that any court of equity that would undertake to reform a contract so as to make it a violation of the laws of God ought to cease to be a court of equity. The court that the Senator now indicates would be unworthy to be called a court; he would be an unjust judge. I therefore meet the inquiry of the Senator. He says that I have laid down the rule that he who asks equity must do equity; he who comes into a court of equity must do equity; and if he asks to have a contract explained or reformed, it must be always in obedience to the commanding laws of God. The Senator asks the laws of God to be set aside and the laws of Satan to be installed instead.

Mr. Foster—The Senator is becoming a little reverent (laughter), and uses terms which perhaps may be appropriate; that is a matter of taste. His last assertion is pointed, but unfounded. He has wandered, however, very much from the inquiry, and diverged from the line of argument on which we were both going, diverged at right angles, gone off in a tangent. We were on the question whether or not such a clause was in the Constitution. We were not discussing its moral or religious bearings or character. If the clause is not fairly found in the Constitution, there is an end of the matter. If it is there, another question may arise. The Senator has thus far rested on the assertion that it is not there. Is that ground abandoned?

Mr. Sumner—We are talking about its interpretation by a court, and I say that a court must interpret it in obedience to these commanding rules. The court is unworthy to be called a court if it does not. The very case that the Senator has put is one which completely answers himself: it overthrows his whole speech.

Mr. Foster—Then the gentleman may make his so much the shorter (laughter). It will not be necessary for him to be further prolix. I was saying, Mr. President, that the honorable Senator went off in a tangent from the line of argument. I repeat it, we were on the question whether such a clause was or was not in the Constitution, whether a legal and just interpretation would place such a clause there or would find such a clause there. The honorable Senator says that it would not. I say that it would. The Senator now goes off on another question, abandons the whole line of his argument, that no such clause is in the Constitution, and asserts that such a clause is too wicked to be enforced. At first our fathers were not competent, failed to put such a clause into the Constitution, though they intended to do so and thought they had. Now it is claimed that such a stipulation is too wicked to be enforced. That at least admits that the clause is in the instrument. I think the Senator should stand on one proposition or the other, that the clause is in the Constitution or that it is not. Which is the honorable gentleman's proposition now? Is it the one or the other?

Mr. Sumner—I say that this language is to be interpreted with reference to the laws of God and those commanding rules of interpretation which even the Senator, while vindicating slavery, cannot disobey.

Mr. Foster—Mr. President, the gentleman uses words very loosely when he talks about my "vindicating slavery." If he will compare records, he will find that my Anti slavery record is much older than his, taking him to be his own biographer, for he began to know of the barbarism of slavery only within the past twenty years. So he said the other day. My record goes further back, Mr. President. I am a good anti-slavery man for more than thirty years, much more than thirty.

Gratz Brown made a very eloquent reply to Mr. Foster, and one of his passages is so stirring that I must quote it:

"There is to me a third objection, and that is the moral one, the effect such legislation would have in disgracing us in the estimation of the civilized world. Here we are engaged ostensibly (and boasting of the work) in carrying forward the cause of freedom; gentlemen are ranging themselves on party lines designated by that watchword, and yet in the name of freedom it is proposed to reinstate slavery in its fastness, in the Constitution. I say, sir, that the civilized world, when it beholds that spectacle of the American Senate going back

for three quarters of a century to resurrect a statute of slave-catching, and pass it anew with their endorsement, will credit very little all your talk about freedom. I say that the act will give the lie to all your argument.

"Can you even hesitate in this matter? Assuredly your very hesitation is a crime against the establishment of free principles.

"No wonder, sir, that those statesmen who have watched with the greatest interest our struggle abroad should question whether we are in earnest in this great work of freedom; and, more than all, no wonder that those beating hearts in the midst of this nation who go to make up that public sentiment in behalf of liberty to all men which now upholds and sustains this war, and which alone can carry forward this government to substantial victory, should challenge you with the question, 'Are you false, or are you true?'

"The Senator from Connecticut casts his derision at the enlightened public opinion of Europe. I say let him turn, if he prefers to consult home oracles, to the public opinion of this American people, and he will find that the multitudes here among us love and cherish freedom too dearly, and have too sure a perception of reactionary courses, to tolerate with impunity the reënactment of national slave codes."

Lest it should be inferred that Senator Foster is pro-slavery in his views, I should state that *he is in advance of President Lincoln upon the subject upon which he spoke.* He is more candid in his opposition to slavery than Mr. Lincoln is, and certainly those Abolitionists who support Mr. Lincoln's claims for a renomination should not criticize Mr. Foster with severity. Mr. Foster stands with Abraham Lincoln on this and other questions. AVON.

AMEND THE CONSTITUTION.

THE Women's National League have just sent out, all through the States, FIFTEEN THOUSAND Petitions, with an appeal to have them filled up and returned as speedily as possible.

The Bill to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit the holding of slaves in any part of the country has passed the Senate. Now comes the struggle in the House. If every one of the fifteen thousand persons—at least ten thousand of them ministers—will but gather up one hundred or more names, A MILLION-VOICED PETITION may yet pour into the Representatives' Hall; and such a voice from THE PEOPLE cannot but make sure the vote, and leave the Bill ready for the President's signature, and Congress disposed to recommend that a special session of each State Legislature be called immediately to act upon the question; and thus the hateful thing, SLAVERY, be buried out of sight before the opening of the Presidential campaign.

Let the petitions be mailed to Washington, direct, to some member, or to Hon. Thos D. Eliot, Chairman of Committee on Slavery and Freedmen. *There is not a day to be lost.* LET ALL WORK.

☞ Form of Petition now sent out by the Women's League:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of ———— believing Slavery the great cause of the present rebellion, and an institution fatal to the life of Republican government, earnestly pray your honorable bodies to immediately abolish it throughout the United States; and to adopt measures for so amending the Constitution as forever to prohibit its existence in any portion of our common country.

THE PRESIDENT'S BALTIMORE ADDRESS.

WE published last week the telegraphic report of the address delivered by President Lincoln in Baltimore at the opening of the Sanitary Fair. In its spirit that report was doubtless faithful, but we presume the following, from the Baltimore *American*, is more accurate:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Calling it to mind that we are in Baltimore, we cannot fail to note that the world moves. Looking upon the many people I see assembled here to serve as they best may the soldiers of the Union, it occurs to me that three years ago those soldiers could not pass though Baltimore. I would say, blessings upon the men who have wrought these changes, and the ladies who have assisted them. This change which has taken place in Baltimore is part only of a far wider change that is taking place all over the country.

When the war commenced, three years ago, no one expected that it would last this long, and no one supposed that the institution of slavery would be materially affected by it. But here we are. The war is not yet ended, and slavery has been very materially affected or interfered with. So true is it that man proposes and God disposes.

The world is in want of a good definition of the word liberty. We all declare ourselves to be for liberty, but we do not all mean the same thing. Some mean that a man can do as he pleases with himself and his property. With others it means that some men can do as they please with other men and other men's labor. Each of these things are called liberty, although they are entirely different. To give an illustration: A shepherd drives the wolf from the throat of his sheep when attacked by him, and the sheep of course thanks the shepherd for the preservation of his life; but the wolf denounces him as despoiling the sheep of his liberty; especially if it be a black sheep. This same difference of opinion prevails among some of the people of the North. But the people of Maryland have recently been doing something to properly define the meaning of the word, and I thank them from the bottom of my heart for what they have done and are doing.

It is not very becoming for a President to make a speech at great length, but there is a painful rumor afloat in the country in reference to which a few words shall be said. It is reported that there has been a wanton massacre of some hundreds of colored soldiers at Fort Pillow, Mississippi, during a recent engagement there, and I think it fit to explain some facts in relation to the affair. It is said by some persons that the government is not, in this matter, doing its duty. At the commencement of the war it was doubtful whether black men would be used as soldiers or not. The matter was examined into very carefully, and after mature deliberation, the whole matter resting as it were with myself, on my judgment I decided that they should. I am responsible for the act to the American people, to a Christian nation, to the future historian, and, above all, to God, to whom I shall have one day to render an account of my stewardship.

The President proceeded to say that in his opinion the black soldier should have the same protection as the white soldier, and he should have it. It was an error to say that the government was not acting in the matter. The government has no direct evidence to confirm the reports in existence relative to this massacre, but he himself believed the facts in relation to it to be as stated. When the government shall know the facts from official sources, and they substantiate the reports, retribution will be surely given. What is reported, he thought, would make a clear case. If it is not true, then all such stories are to be considered as false. If proved true, when the matter is thoroughly examined, what shape is to be given to the retribution? Can we take the man who was captured at Vicksburg and shoot him for the victim of this massacre? If it should happen that it was the act of only one man, what course is to be pursued then? It was a matter requiring careful examination and deliberation, and if it should be substantiated by sufficient evidence all might rest assured that retribution would be had.

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—The shortest and most direct of all the routes from New York to Boston is that by the way of Groton, Stonington and Providence. The line is admirably managed in every respect. The steamers *Commonwealth* and *Plymouth Rock* are of the first class, large and well appointed, and in the care of competent Captains, attentive to the wants of their passengers. The railroads are in good order, and the cars run safely and punctually, under the direction of conductors who understand their own duties and the wants of travellers. The steamers of this line leave this city at 5 o'clock, p.m., daily, from the pier at the foot of Courtland street. Passengers going South from this city will find this route very convenient, as the steamers, on arriving from the East, land at the dock adjoining the Jersey City ferry, whence the lines depart for Philadelphia and Washington; in consequence of which the transfer of baggage involves but little time and expense.

THE SWORD CONTEST.—Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of this city, gave to the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair a valuable sword, on condition that it should be presented to the General who should receive the most votes; any person being allowed to cast as many votes as he would contribute dollars to the treasury of the Fair. The Generals spontaneously selected to compete for the sword were Gen. Grant and Gen. McClellan—the former representing the thoroughly loyal portion of the community, the latter being the favorite of the Copperheads. From the beginning till near the close of the Fair the McClellanites kept a little ahead, and the general expectation was that they would win; but on Saturday night the friends of Gen. Grant rallied in great strength, and when the ballots were finally counted, the following was the result: Whole number, 44,963; for Grant, 30,291; for McClellan, 14,509; scattering, 163. Grant's majority, 15,782! Well done.

A HANDSOME PRESENT.—Our friend, Rev. Samuel J. May, met with a very agreeable and welcome surprise the other day, in the reception of a purse of $500 00, contributed by members of his Society, in token of their appreciation of his long-continued and faithful services as a pastor. The "Social Circle" of the Unitarian Society—a goodly company of old and young—being convened by arrangement at the house of Mr. May, a distinguished member of the Society (George S. Maynard, Esq.), in the course of the evening's entertainment, called the assembly to order, mysteriously hinting that there was a small matter of business to be attended to. He proceeded thereupon to deliver an address to Mr. May, which found its appropriate ending in the presentation of the purse above alluded to. "The surprise," says, *The Journal*, "was perfect, and as some of the ladies were prominent in the affair, it was jocosely remarked that once at least was the old proverb disproved, that woman cannot keep a secret." "Mr. May's response," we are told by the same paper, "was replete with feeling and touched the hearts of all present. We cannot attempt to report the scene, and only allude to it as an illustration of the pleasant relations which exist between the members of this Society and their Pastor. It is rare, in these days of change, to find a man who has for twenty years continuously occupied the same desk in one parish and yet retains his hold upon the affections of all his flock, the young as well as the old."

A MISTAKE.—It was announced in *The Principia* of last week that GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., would address the Church Anti-Slavery Society in the Church of the Puritans on Wednesday evening, May 11. Mr. Thompson, in a note now before us, says: "The announcement is wholly without authority from me." We may add that he is engaged to speak on that evening, before the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the Cooper Institute.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We have received contributions to the fund for the relief of Louis Napoleon, as follows, viz.:

Mrs. Clark, New York	$1.00
Adolph Sulk	1.00
J. D.	1.00
Mathew McDougall	2.00
Mr. Warren	50

The Post-Office address of Theodore D. Weld, Angelina G. Weld, and Sarah M. Grimke will hereafter be Fairmount (Mass.), instead of West Newton.

New Publications.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston. By JOHN WEISS. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 443 and 445 Broadway. 1864. Two volumes, octavo, pp. 478 and 530.

THIS work was first brought out in England, to secure the copy-right there, and the same sterotype plates have been used to print the English and American editions.

To speak first of externals, the mechanical execution of the book is not what it should have been, and not what we are accustomed to see in the best American, any more than in English books. Numerous errors of the press, and of an inexcusable sort, deform the work throughout. The punctuation sometimes misleads the reader, and sometimes makes nonsense of the passage. Common words are sometimes mis-spelt, and sometimes jumbled. Proper names and botanical terms are mis-spelt. Where names of foreign persons and foreign phrases are repeated, they are sometimes spelt diversely, so that the reader of English only cannot guess which form is right. The criticisms of the English press as to the inaccuracy of Mr. Parker's Latin and Greek have probably been occasioned, in part at least, by similar negligence in those departments.

The portrait, facing the title page of Vol. I., is by no means the best of the many that have been taken of Mr. Parker. It is inferior, in delineating the actual expression of his countenance, to the early lithograph of Grozelier, to the daguerreotype, of later date, accompanying his book of "Prayers," and to the photograph, taken in his healthy maturity, which has since been enlarged to life size, and which, in this form, is the best pictorial representation of Mr. Parker's face. The date of the portrait in the present volume is stated in one place as 1853, in another as 1846. The engraving, prefacing the second volume, of the marble bust made by W. W. Story, represents a noble head and face, and is said, by those who saw Mr. Parker wearing the full beard, to be an admirable likeness.

The biographer has done his work with hearty good will, yet what he has accomplished certainly fails to satisfy the expectation of the public, and the wishes of many of Mr. Parker's most intimate friends. Mr. Weiss, though very favorably known as a man, as a scholar accomplished in elegant literature, and as a preacher, was not understood to have been specially intimate with Mr. Parker, or specially sympathetic with his most characteristic labors in reform. Having, nevertheless, been intrusted by Mr. Parker's literary executor with the task of preparing his Life and Correspondence for the press, he seems, in the course of this labor, to have grown into a genuine and hearty enthusiasm, not only for the man, but for his work. Those who were intimate with the great deceased, and had witnessed the noble traits of his public and private life, can easily understand how respect grew to admiration, and admiration to love, as a faithful study of the materials put into his hands brought the biographer into closer acquaintance with his subject. His manifestation of sympathy is not only plainly genuine, but, for energy of expression, it might have come from one who had actively joined in the combat with hunkerism in politics and religion. Yet he is no mere eulogist of Mr. Parker. He speaks frankly of what he understands to be errors and defects in his hero. We shall speak with equal frankness, though briefly, of what seem to us to be errors and defects in the biographer.

Whatever merits elaborate culture may have wrought into Mr. Weiss's style, it shows unfavorably in contrast with the simplicity and directness of Mr. Parker's forms of expression, and seems painfully unsuited to the description of such a character and such a work as his. Whether unconsciously or of set purpose, Mr. Weiss habitually uses an exalted style, figurative language, fanciful illustrations, elaborate and complicated forms of expression. Both thought and description are given us in a certain extravagance, sometimes grotesqueness of costume. He seems unwilling to call a spade a spade; and since Mr. Parker was of the opposite persuasion, on grounds alike of taste and principle, a vivid contrast appears, throughout the book, between what is said *by* him and *of* him. When, for instance, the biographer says:

"The boundless generality of Pantheism could never stay in Mr. Parker's field-bred and muscular mind; but he did not sit panic-stricken in his study, and shriek to see the nebulæ blotting here and there the sky"—

Or,

"His intuitive beliefs stepped forth fully armed, in revolutionary mein, from the theology which hitherto be had only tolerated"—

Or,

"His mind, in its prime, was the first thorough democrat. He never Platonized, Judaized, nor Germanized. The hordes of emigrants found they were no match for the country. Their obtrusive characteristics were seized by the climate and made over; they gained protection, but no exclusive immunities, from his self-relying mind"—

it is certain that he fails to communicate his idea to a large number of those who read, understand and value Mr. Parker's writings. The phraseology is too stilted, and is therefore inappropriate to the narrative of one who, as Mr. Weiss himself tells us, "finds the country language capable of telling his most spiritual thought."

The method of this memoir, the preface tells us, "could not be a chronological one without greatly confusing the subjects covered by his life." It may be doubted whether the method actually adopted by Mr. Weiss has not wrought yet more confusion. Events and letters, and reminiscences are jumbled in a manner positively painful to one who wishes to understand either their order of succession, or the regular process of the life to which they belong. Even a purposed preference of something else to chronological order might have been conducted in a less disorderly manner.

Some of the grand divisions, and some of the separate events of Mr. Parker's life are very insufficiently treated in this book. The connection between the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society and its minister is far too slightly noticed, considering the intensity of interest which Mr. Parker felt in this department of his labors, his estimate of the importance of the stand taken by himself and the Society, the amount of labor, or rather of life, which he expended upon it, and the attitude assumed towards him and it by other religious Societies, by the clergy (orthodox and heterodox), individually and collectively, and by the press, religious and secular.

Another work of Mr. Parker which deserved an accurate record was his origination of the charitable and reformatory institution called "The Guardian for Friendless Girls"; an institution which continued from one to two years in Boston, until the State, which had previously neglected this work, made a larger and more elaborate provision for the same object, rendering "The Guardian" comparatively unnecessary.

On p. 143 of Vol. II. is a foot-note designed to explain an allusion in a letter from Charles Sumner. The note is as follows:

"Alludes to Judge Curtis, who, at a Union-saving meeting, demanded to know how a minister of the Gospel could recommend a juror to break his oath, and clear a fugitive against the law and the facts. Mr. Parker, who was in the gallery, said, 'Do you want an answer now?' The Judge was embarrassed, and the crowd made noise enough to prevent an explanation."

Considering the remarkable nature of the meeting here alluded to, the eminence of the persons concerned in it, the courage and promptness shown by Mr. Parker on that occasion, and the repeated attempts made by the hunker press of Boston to misrepresent and malign him in connection with it, the incident above alluded to merits a fuller and juster statement than it receives in the note above copied.

The meeting in question, held in Faneuil Hall on the afternoon of Nov. 26th, 1850, was a very elaborate and deliberate attempt, by the dignitaries of Boston, to propitiate the Slave Power, by opposition to anti-slavery men and measures. Its managers chose to call it "The Constitutional Meeting at Faneuil Hall." An immense assembly was gathered. Thomas B. Curtis, Esq., called the meeting to order, Dr. John C. Warren was chosen President, and Rufus Choate and others made elaborate speeches. The opening address, however, and by far the ablest one, was made by Benjamin R. Curtis, Esq., who very shortly afterwards, and no doubt in consequence of the unscrupulous skill he there showed in defending slavery, was made a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

One of Mr. Curtis's efforts was to show that morality and religion had no claims upon the citizen superior to those of the U. S. Constitution. In doing this, he found it necessary to attack Mr. Parker, who had always preached, and who found in many of the events of the year 1850 suitable occasions for preaching, the opposite doctrine. Mr. Curtis, therefore, after reading (and garbling) a passage from Mr. Parker's sermon, preached two months before, on "The Function and Place of Conscience in Relation to the Laws of Men," asked two questions, commencing with these words of direct specification and address, namely:

"I should like to ask the Reverend preacher"—

And again,

"And I should also like to ask him"—

Mr. Parker, whose presence in the house was probably not known to Mr. Curtis, rose from his seat in the gallery as soon as the second question was finished, and asked, in a clear voice—"Do you want an answer to your questions?"

Mr. Curtis hesitated a moment, and then replied, in substance, "If the gentleman wishes to address the audience, no doubt they will be willing to hear him at a proper time; but I don't wish to be interrupted in my speech."

Mr. Parker immediately sat down. He had triumphed. The main pillar of the pro-slavery party was so sensible of the power of Parker's speech and the justice of Parker's cause that he dared not admit an answer to his own questions, even before the partisans which thronged his own meeting. But the Boston daily press (*The Chronotype* only excepted) left this little incident out of their reports of the meeting. The managers of the meeting also left it out of their pamphlet, purporting to be the "Proceedings of the Constitutional Meeting in Faneuil Hall." *The Daily Advertiser* ("the *Respectable* Daily") about two years after made allusion to the rencontre above mentioned, utterly reversing its fact and purport, and then refused to admit a correct statement into its columns. Such were the men and the influences, against which Mr. Parker had to contend.

We think Mr. Weiss mistakes in supposing that the *repetitions* of indictments against eminent transgressors, so common in Mr Parker's sermons and speeches, were either unconsciously made, or were "*the fault* of an inflamed and indignant moral sense." They needed repetition because his audiences changed; but they needed it yet more because the offenders were men eminent in place and power, and fixed, for the time, in popular favor. It was only by repetition that truth could make head against their external advantages. So too in his sermons, and for the same reasons, he frequently repeated the chief formulas which expressed his religion and theology. He saw the wisdom of the injunction to give line upon line, and precept upon precept; and whoever supposes him to have practised more frequent repetition of fundamental principles than the majority of ministers, has certainly not been familiar with the preaching of the orthodox clergy.

A small pamphlet, published by Mr. Parker in 1853, entitled—"A Friendly Letter to the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, touching their new Unitarian Creed, or General Proclamation of Unitarian Views; by Theodore Parker, a Life-Member of that Association, and Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church in Boston"—deserves much more than the very slight mention which Mr. Weiss has made of it. It was the culmination of his contest with the anti-progressive leaders of Unitarianism. The peculiarities of its title were occasioned by the recent abortive attempts of those leaders, first to expel him by direct vote from the Association, and next to form a creed for the body which should necessarily exclude him. This pamphlet, one of the most skillful expressions of the *argumentum ad hominem* that has appeared since Pascal's time, effectually floored and silenced his opponents in that direction. He continued, thenceforth, unquestioned, "a life-member" of the American Unitarian Association.

Mr. Weiss speaks of having made his citations from Mr. Parker's printed works "from the only uniform American edition that has appeared." But the fact is, that there is *no* uniform American edition; and in spite of the unjustifiable slur thrown by Mr. Weiss upon Miss F. P. Cobbe (who arranged the neat and reasonably cheap series of volumes just published by Trübner & Co., London, entitled "The Collected Works of Theodore Parker"), the friends of the great departed, and of the truths that he taught, are under great obligations to that lady for her work; especially as the preface to that work shows her perfectly competent, alike in mind, in learning, and in spiritual discernment, to superintend it efficiently. The English and American friends of Mr. Parker owe to her care and labor the first collected and uniform edition of his works.

We heartily thank Mr. Weiss for the faithful picture given, near the close of the first volume, of the aspect of the Music Hall, filled with the immense audience that Mr. Parker drew there to hear his Sunday services. But we should be glad to know his authority for saying that the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society (which removed from that Hall to allow the erection of the great organ last year, and which still finds temporary accommodation in a smaller place), "will not probably return there." For our own part, we expect as well as desire its return. The people and the times still need such utterances for God and freedom as we have learned to associate with the name of the Music Hall; and a man will yet be found worthily to continue the work which Mr. Parker began.

The little patch of Autobiography (only ten pages), which forms the second chapter of the first volume, is of great value, chiefly for Mr. Parker's descriptions of his father and mother, and for the light which their characters throw upon his. In intense and fervent piety, a religion pervaded and guided by love, a feeling constantly filial towards the infinite Father, Theodore was his mother's own child. The closing incident of this sketch is most beautiful and instructive, showing the boy's docility at once to his earthly mother and his Heavenly Father. It is as follows:

"I must relate one example to show, as well as many more, the nice and delicate care she took of my moral culture. When a little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, one fine day in Spring, my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone. On the way, I had to pass a little 'pond-hole' then spreading its waters wide; a rhodora in full bloom—a rare flower in my neighborhood, and which grew only in that locality—attracted my attention and drew me to the spot. I saw a little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water at the root of the flaring shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; for, though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys out of sport destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong!' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion—the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions, till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what was it that told me it was wrong? She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding this little voice.' She went her way, careful and troubled about many things, but doubtless pondered them in her motherly heart; while I went off to wonder and think it over in my poor, childish way. But I am sure no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me."

The chief, and very great, value of this work to the public consists in its extracts from Mr. Parker's Journals and Correspondence. These open mines of interesting information, even to those who already knew much of him. The richest portion of the Correspondence, in our view, is that with Rev. Dr. Convers Francis, late Professor of Pulpit Eloquence in Harvard University. To him Mr. Parker wrote with a freedom manifestly inspired by a strong mutual love and sympathy. To keep within reasonable bounds of space, we must resist the temptation of even beginning to copy from these letters.

In 1839, we find the following from Parker's "Journal":

"May 2.—Saw Dr. Channing. Borrowed Origen of him. He is pleased with Luther's opinion on the Sabbath; says men ought to be told of these things. Why does he not tell them?"—p. 109, vol. I.

In the same year he writes of an ancient book, purporting to give the history of Atheism, as follows:

"The book is weak—it leaves no mark on your mind. The man wrote this mechanically, as he might have written any other book, or have made a pair of shoes. You would not look there for principles or first truths. I expected to find some curious learning, but there is none such. It is, however, curious to see how foolishly he trusts to statements of travellers alleging poor barbarians to be atheists, and how queerly he sometimes concludes a man was an atheist; for he thinks, holding this or that paradox, the man must, if consistent, be an atheist, forgetting that not two philosophers in ten centuries are consistent, logical consistency of thought being a rarer gift than genius itself. Still further, it is instructive to see how the best of men have been called atheists—Locke, Leibnitz Socrates, Leclerc, Simon (Richard), Henry More, and Norris."

It is strange that so few people practically recognize the truth here stated, that we are not to expect intellectual consistency of men with themselves, or of parts of their own system with each other. Men's belief, and action too, is to a wonderful extent independent of logic. With a decent regard to consistency, the advocates of slavery ought not to believe in a God; but they do: and believers in original sin, and in the necessity of an atonement and of regeneration in this world to neutralize it, ought to believe in the damnation of infants; but they don't. We judge it to be one case of real error in Mr. Parker that he charged upon orthodoxy a belief in the doctrine last named, generalizing too hastily from the avowal of such belief by a few writers, and feeling very sensibly the logical pressure in this direction made by other parts of their faith.

Again, the Journal says—

"I am often struck with the great freedom and boldness of Christ's remarks. The Jews venerated manna. He told them it did not come down from heaven."

This shows the justness with which Mr. Parker apprehended, and the clearness with which he conveyed, the minuter shades of Scriptural meaning. How few readers of John's Gospel have ever conceived the true meaning of the passage—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread *from heaven!*"

In the same manner, how many of Mr. Parker's hearers have seen a new charm in a beautiful passage of Scripture, when he read it thus—Thy rod and thy staff, they *both* comfort me!

Since the recent loss of a conspicuous star from our hemisphere, it is most interesting to see Mr. Parker's early judgment of that luminary, thus:

"April 13, 1843.—Went to Medford. Saw Schoolmaster Thos. Starr King—capital fellow; only 19. Taught school three years—supports his mother. He went into Walker's three courses of lectures, and took good notes. Reads French, Spanish, Latin, Italian, a little Greek, and begins German. (He is a good listener.)"

Again, during an enforced vacation, required by repairs of the Melodeon, in 1851, we learn that—

"He occupied his leisure Sundays with a visitation of the churches through all the denominations in Boston. This he did to understand, by personal observation, what the various clergymen were thinking about, and to note their tendency. He heard, perhaps, twenty sermons by prominent men:—'Heard Starr King preach on the late Celebration * in Boston. It was the best service, on the whole, that I have heard in the seventeen services that I have attended lately in and about Boston.'"

Those who have supposed Mr. Parker a scoffer, or a mere puller down of old superstitions, without the desire to put true religion in their place, may be instructed by reading the following reply to an invitation from Boston, to attend a celebration of the birth-day of Thomas Paine:

WEST ROXBURY, 14th January, 1843.

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 11th instant came in my absence from home, and I now hasten to reply to the invitation you offer me. With the views I entertain of Mr. Paine's character in his later years, I could not, consistently with my own sense of duty, join with you in celebrating his birth day. I feel grateful, truly so, for the service rendered by his *political* writings, and his practical efforts in the cause of freedom; though with what I understand to be the spirit of his writings on theology and religion, I have not the smallest sympathy. I am respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THEO. PARKER.

Many letters must have come to Mr. Parker from young ministers, who had begun to find the limitations, and the evil and dangerous tendencies, of their position, and who sought light from his wisdom and experience. Excellent specimens of his replies to such appear in the two letters, near the close of the first volume, addressed to Rev. M. A. H. Niles, at Northampton, Mass.

It may be useful, just at the present time, to give a specimen of Mr. Parker's faithfulness in the rebuke of friends, as seen in the following letter to Hon. S. P. Chase.

NEWTON CORNER, near Boston, July 25th, 1856.

My Dear Sir—I believe I think more highly of you than you of yourself; for I *do* consider you a great man and a great statesman. I have always expected great things and noble things of you; always shall, and such only. If you are not a great statesman, then who is? and what is the standard to measure men by? I have rejoiced in your many manly and noble deeds—done in times of trial, too—and in the well-deserved honors you have won. I am a minister, and so may easily be supposed to have that sort of *stupid blindness* which so often belongs to the profession. But I am not so stupid as to believe that great offices can be filled, in such times as these, without occasional mistakes and errors, even in great men; and I am glad you wrote me the letter which came a day or two since, for it gives me an opportunity to mention two things which I complained of in the speech at New York, which lay heavy on me.

1. Of the letter in which you accepted the nomination to the Governorship of Ohio

2. Of the fact that you let the United States kidnappers take off Margaret Garner, after she had broken the laws of your State by killing her own child.

When the letter was first written we all talked it over—I mean your friends in New England. I spoke with the most suspicious of them; some had been *Whigs*, some Democrats, some Know-Nothings. They all thought it was a backing down; that it weakened the usual effect of your noble course. Some thought, however, it was made for "buncombe," and that you "could not be elected without it." I have not the papers now at hand—out here in the country—but remember that it seemed to me to foreclose all Federal action against slavery in the slave States. Now, my notion of the matter is this: the Constitution (I think in section IV., art. 4) provides that the General government shall guarantee to every State in this *Union a Republican form of government.* Certainly that is not a Republican form of government where 280,000 white men own 384,000 black men, as in South Carolina. Or if it be, then the Czar or the Pope might claim a Republican form of government for Russia and Rome. Now, if I were the whole people of the North, I should say to South Carolina, "You may establish a Republican form of government for yourself, or we will do it for you; peaceably, if we can, but forcibly, if we must. We shall attend to the *guaranties* of the Constitution, and not allow the majority of South Carolinians to be bought and sold like cattle." When the anti-slavery spirit is strong enough in the North, we shall do that, if need be. But we may be forced to interfere with slavery in the slave States by one of two ways: 1, there may be an insurrection, and the only way to put it down may be *by declaring the slaves free;* or, 2, the slaveholders may proceed violently to enslave the poor whites; in which latter case, I take it, the present public opinion in the North would demand the interference of the Federal authorities—notwithstanding the fact that *white* slavery is as constitutional as *black* slavery. Now, it seemed to me that your letter held out a promise that you would not use the Federal authority against slavery, and this would embarrass your future action. I don't object to doing one thing at a time, and insist that each step should be taken in the most cautious and deliberate manner; but would not promise *not to take other steps.* I may easily be wrong, but I thought you did so; if not directly, at least by implication.

3. In the Garner case, I thought the anti-slavery Governor of Ohio would get possession of that noble woman, either by the *hocus pocus* of some legal technicality, which would save appearances, or else by the *red right arm of Ohio*, and I confess I was terribly chagrined that it did not turn out so. If a mechanic had pursued his *fugitive apprentice* to Ohio, and that apprentice had set a barn on fire, or stolen a white hat, I think the apprentice would have been held for trial.

Now, I have made a *clean breast* of the whole matter, which has tormented me a good deal. For I look with anxious eyes on the few men of great ability and noble character, and am much concerned at any mistakes they commit. I know you will honor the motive which leads me to write as I have. I look to you for great services to be done to your country, and shall try all your actions by the justice of the Infinite God.

So, with hearty wishes for your prosperity, believe me sincerely your friend, THEODORE PARKER.

* Visit of the President of the United States, and visit of the Canadians to Boston, Sept. 17-19, 1851, to celebrate the opening of the Grand Trunk Railroad into Canada.

The letters of Mr. Parker to Miss Frances Power Cobbe, of Dublin, Ireland, are of eminent interest. In intellectual structure, in extensive learning, and in the progress of religious ideas, there was much in common between them. He had greatly enjoyed her book on "Intuitive Morals," and had encouraged the republication of it in this country. A sense of the great excellence of his writings has led her to arrange for the republication of all of them in London. Her preface to that work, itself an instructive and admirable essay on religion, points out the error into which so many people have fallen, that Mr. Parker was a mere iconoclast or destructive. She shows how, in the very act of taking away a false hope or faith, he always supplies a truer and a better one; how his insistance upon pure Christianity is as thorough and as constant as his opposition to the corrupted version offered by Catholic and Protestant priesthoods in its place; and her own writings show, with a clearness equalling his own, that man must look reverently within, for the plainest indications of God's will in regard to him. It is very pleasant to learn that this valued friend (who had never before *seen* Mr. Parker) was able to be present at his bedside, and join his family in soothing the passage of his last days.

We ought to have—some day we must have—more of the admirable Correspondence of Mr. Parker. The letters written *to* such a man, and calling forth such replies, must of course have a great value. Why should not both be published, in their appropriate order, as far as the consent of the writers can be obtained? Meanwhile, we are thankful for the large instalment given in Mr. Weiss's volumes. As time advances, we shall better see how largely the shaping of this generation to better thought, more zealous labor, and loftier aspiration, has come from the noble mind and earnest soul of Theodore Parker.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY AT ITS THIRD DECADE, held in the City of Philadelphia, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863. Phonographic Report by HENRY M. PARKHURST. Pp. 175. New York: American Anti-Slavery Society, No. 48 Beekman street.

This pamphlet, though bearing the imprint of this office, was printed in Boston. The work, though marred by a few typographical errors, presents a very neat appearance. The running title, "Thirtieth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society," it seems to us, is not accurate: It should have been, "Third Decade of the American Anti-Slavery Society"; for the *Anniversary* of the Society, properly speaking, is held *annually* in May, while the Decade meeting occurs but once in ten years. This, however, is a small matter. The pamphlet is one of great historic value, and every member and friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society should preserve a copy of it. It contains a complete phonographic report of the speeches and proceedings, all the letters addressed to the meeting by absent friends of the cause, a list of the original signers of the Declaration of Sentiments; a letter from John G. Whittier, from which it appears that Mr. Garrison would have been liberated from the Baltimore jail in 1829 by Henry Clay, had he not been anticipated by Arthur Tappan; and a "Catalogue of Anti-Slavery publications in America," not indeed complete, but as nearly so as the Rev. Samuel May, Jr., after diligent inquiry, could make it.

The subscribers for this pamphlet will no doubt be promptly supplied with copies mailed from the Anti-Slavery Office in Boston. We expect to receive a supply to be placed on sale here in a few days, when we shall be able to announce the price.

OBITUARY.

JAMES MAIN HARTT.

DIED, in this city, on the 15th inst., of heart disease, at the residence of his father, Dr. Henry A. Hartt, JAMES MAIN HARTT, aged 20 years.

Those of our readers who have been attendants at the Church of the Puritans for the last few years will not fail to remember the tall, emaciated form and grave intellectual face of the deceased, who, though young, was one of the "old guard" of Dr. Cheever in his memorable struggle for a free pulpit and the right of a Church to obey the law of Christ. Young Hartt was remarkable for his quiet and unobtrusive demeanor. He seemed not to notice what was going on around him; yet in truth nothing escaped his observation. He saw and distinguished the characters of those engaged on either side in the conflict we have alluded to. He watched the progress of the strife, and knew the principles at stake. He looked upon all as some great poet would survey in imagination the siege of Troy or the liberation of Jerusalem. He had a mind of the keenest perceptions and sensibilites, capable of poesy, satire, eloquence, philosophy. A mind, indeed, of rare attainments, for one so young, in scholarship and discipline, and a spirit of the loftiest moral elevation, tone, purpose and aspiration, which burned, a fire within, bright and undimmed, for truth, justice and universal freedom to his latest breath.

The first published production of the deceased was a well-pointed satire in verse aimed against the "Ex-Parté Council" at Clinton Hall, which undertook to supervise the interests of Dr. Cheever's Church during the pastor's absence in Europe in 1860-61, printed in our columns, and written when the author was only sixteen years old. Sundry other short poems have appeared in print elsewhere without the author's name, and he has left enough in manuscript to make a respectable volume, all of which bears the stamp of true genius. In his early death the cause of reform may mourn a devoted and gifted friend, and the afflicted parents a son of noble promise and exalted worth. The deceased was a graduate of the N. Y. Free Academy, of the class of 1863. G.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

We have news of another battle on the Red River, severely contested, in which the rebels were finally beaten, with a loss of 2,000 prisoners and 20 cannon. Our force seems at first to have been repulsed, but Gen. Franklin, with the Nineteenth Army Corps, coming up, the rebels were decidedly repulsed.

SURRENDER OF PLYMOUTH, N. C.

The surrender of Plymouth, North Carolina, took place on the 20th. A dispatch is published from the Rebel General to the effect that he carried the works by storm, and reckoned his captures at 1,600 men and 25 guns. Accounts from Union sources put our losses at 150 killed and 2,500 prisoners. The Rebel loss is stated at 1,500. The naval force in the Roanoke River, at the mouth of which Plymouth lies, was relied on as an important aid to the defence of the town. When that had been destroyed by the rebel ram, the garrison under Gen. Wessels still fought bravely against heavy odds—the rebel strength being stated at from ten to twelve thousand—but were overpowered and forced to surrender.

It is positively affirmed that the rebels, on taking possession of Plymouth, ordered out the North Carolina troops who formed part of the garrison and shot them; and that all negroes found in uniform were murdered. We presume the account is correct, and it only proves that what was supposed to be an exceptional barbarity at Fort Pillow has been adopted as the deliberate policy of the rebels. As the issue is made, it must be met.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

ALEXANDRIA, La., March 23, 1864.

Everywhere the slaves came out to meet us, and hung on the fences, all ages, sexes and colors, gay, and anxious to tell us all they could, and to help us from their little store of eggs, corn, chickens, etc. They are, of course, ignorant, dirty, ragged creatures, and not a bit better here than they are in Africa, I think; but they are quick and hopeful. One old fellow in the midst of a crowd at Paine's place, shouted out to us as we passed:

"Massa Linkum comin 'long—
He in dar!"

And they all scanned our faces, expecting a deliverer to appear.

One old man at Ford's place stopped me to tell me his story. He said that last year, when Banks withdrew after a skirmish, some of the negroes helped themselves to the dead soldiers' guns, and a day or two after a rebel soldier gave to his care two guns, to be kept for his return; one of his fellow-slaves betrayed the fact, so some white men hung him—hung him twice—"But I didn't die, massa, and here I is, and glad to see you wid my old eyes."

The negroes upon Joe Chambers's place all agreed in the same story. I overtook an old man, who had joined our march, and asked him how he got along. He said:

"O, master! since you was here last, we have had dreadful times. We seen stars in the daytime."

"How so?"

"They treated us dreadful bad."

"What did they do?"

"They beat us, and they hung us, and starved us."

"What for?"

"Just because they could, and to spite us, 'cause they thought we liked the Yankees."

"Did they beat you?"

"Master, I am jist one scar from here to here" (pointing along his back).

"Did you behave badly?"

"No, master; they did it jist 'cause they could, and to spite us."

"What did they do to the rest?"

"Why, the day after you left, they jist had us all out in a row, and told us they was going to shoot us, and they did hang two of us; and Mr. Pierce, the overseer (Silas Pierce), knocked one with a fence rail, and he died next day. O, master! we seen stars in de daytime. And now we going with you, we go back no mo!"

He was 70 years old. I found the whole party scattered along the road, and they told the same story.

Please remember this chivalrous master was Joseph Chambers, now a Lieutenant in the Southern army, and this experienced overseer was Silas Pierce. He was taken into Alexandria to-day, and I hope may himself "see stars in de daytime."

I came upon a chit of a boy, nearly white, mounted upon a carcass of a pony, who had been with us for days on this tiresome march; he certainly was not more than nine years old; so I said,

"My boy, what regiment do you belong to?"

He answered quickly:

"Eighty seventh Illinois Mounted Infantry—hurrah!"

One of our Majors was so unfeeling as to say:

"And you, I suppose, are the mounted Infant!"

Troops of them are now marching on with us. They all say:

"We go when you go," and

"What you going to do wid us, anyway?"

It is a fearful question, for we don't value life, white or black, and what cannot take care of itself gets under the wheels. I said to one of them, "What are you going to do with yourselves? Can you take care of yourselves if you can be free?'

"Well, I think so. I have learned myself to be a blacksmith and a sugar maker—not a very good one, master; and I have done a good deal for my master and mistress, and this year I have had to raise my own food, too!"

"What time do you have to raise it?"

"Only Sundays. We worked for them from sun to sun."

I believe he spoke the truth. But in this upturning of all things, thousands must perish of neglect and want, before any reorganization can take place. They are knocked about by our soldiers in all ways, but notwithstanding all, they say,

"We not going back to dem (their old masters), no way."

They like army-life, and make excellent soldiers when in the hands of decent officers, which, I am told, is a rare good fortune. Many officers of white regiments look down upon the officers of black ones, and so the old poison of slavery continues to work.

Special Notices.

YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The Twelfth Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Progressive Friends will be held at LONGWOOD (near Hamorton), Chester Co., Pa., beginning at 10 o'clock, a.m., on Fifth-day, the 2d of Sixth month, and continuing, probably, for three days.

Oliver Johnson,	Allen Agnew,
Mary Ann Fulton,	Jennie K. Smith,
Theodore D. Weld,	Hannah Cox,
Alice Eliza Hambleton,	Annie Stambach,
Alfred H. Love,	Dinah Mendenhall,
Sarah M. Barnard,	Susanna P. Chambers,
Thomas Hambleton,	Rachel Wilson.

Communications for the meeting may be addressed to Oliver Johnson, 48 Beekman st., New York, till the 30th of May; after that to Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa.

Among those who are confidently expected to attend the meeting, and who will do so unless prevented by causes not foreseen, are George Thompson of England, William Lloyd Garrison, and Theodore Tilton.

Longwood is about thirty miles west of Philadelphia, from which place it is reached by the cars of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad, which runs each way twice a day. The Progressive Friends are hospitable to strangers.

UNION AND EMANCIPATION.—WILLIAM A. JACKSON, Jeff. Davis's Coachman, now in Maine, will lecture in
Hallowell, Monday, May 2.
Waterville, Tuesday, May 3.
Kendall's Mills, Wednesday, May 4.
Biddeford, Thursday, May 5.
Will arrive in Boston on Friday, May 6th.

AARON M. POWELL will address meetings at
Canastota, N. Y., Sunday, May 1.
Whitesboro' N. Y., Monday, May 2.
Ilion, N. Y., Tuesday, May 3.
St. Johnsville, N. Y., Wednesday, May 4.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL LEAGUE.—The regular meeting of the League will be held at 3½ o'clock, Friday afternoon of each week, at their Office, Room 20 Cooper Institute.

Members and all persons interested in the work of the League—viz.: rolling up a mammoth petition asking the present Congress to enact a law of Immediate and Universal Emancipation—are invited to attend.

Office hours of the League from 10 to 4 each day.

Advertisements.

MARKED CHARACTERS!—See Portraits with descriptions, of GEN. B. F. BUTLER, and HON. OWEN LOVEJOY—with interesting articles on Broad Heads, and Narrow Heads, with Illustrations on "Our Social Relations"—Love Affairs, Ought Parents to Interfere? A Word to Lean Folks, and How to Become Stout—Light, its Necessity—Psychology—THE SOUL IMMATERIAL—A Real Vision—Dreams vs. Clairvoyance—Riches, etc., in MAY No. ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Only 15 cents. Address FOWLER & WELLS, Broadway, New York.

SUNSHINE.—A new name for a popular lecture on Health. By Mrs. DALL, author of "Woman's Labor," "Woman under Law," etc 16 mo, paper. 35 cents.
REV. C. A. BARTOL'S Sermon on Starr King ("The Unspotted Life.") 15 cents.
Rev C. A. Bartol's Sermon on Extravagance. 15 cents.
THE PHONIC PRIMER AND READER.—a rational method of teaching reading by the sounds of letters, without altering the orthography; invaluable for teaching adults, freedmen and others. By Rev. J. C. ZACHOS. 35 cents.
WENDELL PHILLIPS'S SPEECHES. 1 vol. 12mo., elegantly printed. $2.50
THE REJECTED STONE. $0.63.
RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION, by Cochin. $1.50.
RESULTS OF SLAVERY, by Cochin. $1 50
All our books sent FREE BY MAIL, on receipt of the price.
WALKER, WISE & CO.,
245 Washington street, Boston.

THE HUMAN HAND.—Its Physiognomy, Anatomy, and Physiology, with all its signs of character and how to read them. Hands long, slim, short, thick, Right and Left. Significance of Shaking Hands. Is the hands warm and crisp, or cold and clammy? Is it magnetic and electrical, or is it inert and lifeless? Hands of distinguished persons. The "ring finger." What we can do with the hand.
ETHNOLOGY—Skulls of the Races. Egyptian Mummies. Assyrian, Hindoo, Arabs A Jewish Mummy. Fellahs, Phœnicians, Sioux Indians, etc. Portrait and Character of Mr. E. Merriam; Gen. Butler, and Hon. Owen Lovejoy, in MAY No. ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 15 cents, or $1.50 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, Broadway, New York.

THE RED SEA FREEDMEN, a stirring Bible message for the times, unsectarian, untrammelled and progressive, bearing upon the activities of the church and the prosperities of the nation, by Rev. Alexander Clark, junior pastor of the Church of the New Testament, Philadelphia, and editor of *The School Visitor.* This is the discourse which, during its delivery, made a Copperhead preacher from New Jersey shout aloud "Hallelujah for Liberty!" and turn uncompromising Unionist. A handsome pamphlet of 24 pages. 10 cents a copy—$1 00 a dozen, post paid. Buy it, read it, and send it to a soldier. Furnished in quantities for distribution at cost. Address, J. W. DAUGHADAY, Publisher,
1308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

VENERATION—Its location, function and cultivation. By Rev H. W. BEECHER. Reverence for Age, for Persons and Places—Degrees of Development—Why Deficient in America—Weakness not Wickedness—Politeness—Difference—Forms of Worship—Beauty of Reverence, and How to Cultivate it in Children and Adults.
"SLEEPING IN CHURCH"—Its Causes and Cure—Sunday Dinners—Ventilating Churches—Duty of the Sexton, etc Poetry: "He Died for Freedom," etc, in THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for MAY; 15 cents, or $1.50 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, Broadway, New York.

WANTED, by the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association, TWENTY-FIVE TEACHERS—male and female—for service in Middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama. Rather more than one-half of the desired number should be men. Those who have had experience in teaching—other things being equal—will be preferred. Very young women are not desirable unless they can be accompanied by a brother, husband, father, or some one who will be regarded as their proper friend and protector. Applications should be sent with testimonials as to fitness, to
J. M. McKIM, Corresponding Secretary,
424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous Department.

RIGHT TRIUMPHS.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

"A rebel ball crashed through a large house, entering the corner of the roof, and through the aperture was run up the Union flag."—*Chaplain's Notes.*

The man who fired that traitorous charge,
Purposed to feed a grave;
But only made destructive rent,
Where Freedom's pennon, star-besprent,
More gloriously should wave.

Oppression clutched at Liberty,
And thought to stop her breath,
He fixed his fingers in her throat;
It was a thought o'er which to gloat—
A Nation choked to death!

But lo! God works a miracle;
Oppression yields the ghost!
Our Country brightens from her night;
The blood wrung out shall wash her white
As Heaven's immortal host.

O rebels! in our noble dead,
Ye give us precious dower.
Their graves undying life shall breed!
Sprouted in blood, the buried seed
Shall yield the richest flower.

We will not call these valleys where
Our dead boys lie concealed—
The battle-hill and river shore—
"Our grave yards!" they are something more:
They're one grand harvest field!

For every one of Freedom's sons
Who sleeps with death-closed eyes;
For every mound that hides a face
Scarred for our Country—in its place
Ten patriot men shall rise.

For every arm now stark and stiff,
That fell in final pause,
Fighting for Justice and for Truth,
And battling with the zeal of youth—
Ten more shall aid the cause.

And over every hideous rent
Where cannon balls crash through,
Shall float the white and crimson bars,
The pennon, with its undimmed stars,
In their loved field of blue.

O matchless priests of Liberty,
Ordained her fires to keep!
Let not the lights burn faint nor low
Within her fane, but tower and glow,
And flash with lightning-leap.

O countrymen with royal souls!
Let heart and nerve be strong,
Till Right shall reign from North to South,
And lay her hand upon the mouth
Of every gun of wrong!

—*Christian Inquirer.*

GARIBALDI IN ENGLAND.

Correspondence of The London Dial.

SOUTHAMPTON, Sunday, April 3.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the interest and enthusiasm which the visit of Garibaldi has excited in this town. It may well be doubted whether there is another living man who could awaken so profound and universal a feeling of admiration and respect or so intense a desire to pay him homage. One needed not to be many hours in Southampton before perceiving that the town speaks with one voice on the subject. It is the utterance of no class or party. To the honor of the Conservatives they have coöperated with the utmost warmth and earnestness in the preparations for doing honor to their town's and the country's guest. Garibaldi is not regarded from a sectional point of view, or even as the representative of a national idea. He excited the sympathy of all, because he is the champion of the rights of all, without distinction of color or race, and a man who throughout his public career has exhibited the unselfish patriotism of a Washington, the military genius of a Gustavus Adolphus, and the lofty attributes with which the poet has invested "the blameless King." Throughout Saturday an unceasing stream of visitors poured into the town from all parts of the country, and the promised signals were anxiously looked for during the entire day. But hour after hour wore away without any tidings of the good ship, and, while it was yet possible that she might arrive at any moment, the people generally settled down with the impression that she would not reach her destination till the morrow.

Now it was Sunday, and what was apprehended actually took place. At 12½ o'clock a telegram was received from Hurst Castle announcing the arrival of the Ripon at that point. Forthwith Captain Engledue, of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, placed at the disposal of the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Seely, and the gentlemen of the press, the steam-tug Aid. This small vessel started from the tidal dock precisely at 1.20 p.m. Among the gentlemen on board, besides those above named, there were Gen. Eber, well known as a member of Garibaldi's staff during the Sicilian campaign; a deputation from the Italian committee, consisting of Signori Semenza, vice-president of the committee; Negretti, Serena, and Vivante; Mr. John Richardson, the treasurer of the Garibaldi Committee in London, and Mr. Joseph Cowen, Jr., a deputation from Newcastle. There were also a few citizens of Southampton on board, but the Mayor and members of the Corporation waited on shore in order to receive the General on his arrival in the dock. The tug made rapid headway towards the steamer, and at 2½ o'clock she was visible in all her fair proportions, with the company's flag at the fore and the Italian flag at the mainmast. The boarding of the Ripon was easily accomplished, and the new-comers immediately made for the saloon. Mr. Seely and the Duke of Sutherland were at once admitted to the General's cabin; and after warm greetings had been exchanged, the Duke invited Garibaldi to be his guest at Stafford House, during a portion, at least, of his stay in London. The invitation was promptly and gracefully accepted. Garibaldi then emerged from his cabin, and walking up the whole length of the saloon took his seat in a position more convenient for the reception of his friends. When he appeared, his noble countenance, furrowed with the lines of care, but having a most benignant and gentle expression, would have marked him out as the real Garibaldi, even if no portrait of him had ever been published. The leonine cast of his face, which has often been noticed, gives to him an aspect at once powerful and majestic. His brown silken hair and massive beard appear tinged with grey, although this may be caused by a lighter shade of the color. He was attired in the Garibaldi costume—at once picturesque and appropriate. He wore a grey cloak, which concealed his red shirt; a red silk scarf was loosely tied around his neck; and his head was covered with an embroidered Turkish cap. Of him it may be truly said that he is

——"in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person."

The General spoke to each of his friends in turn, and addressed with marked cordiality those with whom in former times he had intimate relations. He speaks English almost with a purity of one to the manner born, and with a fluency which surprises those who do not know how often he has visited our shores. His foot still occasions him at times considerable suffering, and it is painful to see that he walks with a limp, and is obliged to support himself with a stick. Besides his two sons his suite consists of five persons. His son Menotti is twenty-two years of age, while Ricciotti is in his eighteenth year. The elder, who has often been wounded while fighting by his father's side, is a young man of extremely well proportioned and muscular build; and the appearance of both is highly intelligent and engaging. Signor Guerzoni, his secretary, who was lately a member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, has long been associated with the General. He is an active politician, and is said to exercise great influence over the man to whom he has devoted himself. Basso, who is better known as "Garibaldi's chaplain," has served with him through all his Italian campaigns. He is a native of Nice, and has been acquainted with the hero whose fortunes he follows for thirty years. Colonel Chambers, who is Garibaldi's English secretary, is a deputy-lieutenant of Lancashire, a lieutenant-colonel of the Liverpool volunteers, and a magistrate of that town.

But the vessel was now approaching the dock where Garibaldi was to land. The quays were lined with a dense concourse of spectators, who, as the steamer entered the dock, gave a loud and reverberating cheer, which became tenfold more vociferous when the General appeared on the deck and ascended the paddle-box—first, however, with a true sense of discipline, asking permission of the captain. In order that all might have an opportunity of seeing him he stood for some time on each paddle-box alternately and also on the captain's bridge. Immediately after the ship had been moored alongside the pier the Mayor and principal members of the Corporation ascended the paddle-box and were introduced to their distinguished guest. The Mayor then addressed Garibaldi in a brief but felicitous speech. He said that he welcomed him not only to the heart of Southampton, but to the heart of England. He would not attempt to describe in words what were the feelings entertained towards him by the English people. His name had been made illustrious by the most noble deeds, and was a household word throughout the country and the world. In the name of the town of Southampton he welcomed him to the shores of England, and, as the chief magistrate of the port at which he landed, he invited him to receive his hospitality. To this Garibaldi replied, "I am grateful for your welcome, and accept your hospitality." The General while still standing on the paddle-box wrote a brief letter to the Italian Committee. The following is a copy of the original: "Desidero non avere demonstrazioni politice—sopra tutto non eccitare dei tumulti." The following is a translation of the above words: "I desire to have no political demonstrations—above all, not to excite tumult." After writing this missive Garibaldi descended to the deck amid renewed plaudits. Among the gentlemen who were introduced to him there were two who wore Garibaldian uniforms, and to whom he laughingly said, "O, you wear the red shirts—do you?" Several ladies were then presented, and he received them with almost paternal tenderness. One of them, at once youthful and charming, delivered to the General her message of congratulation in Italian, and then stooped to kiss his hand, which, his face all the time being lighted up with pleasure, he made a feint of attempting to withdraw. The spectators could not but be touched with this graceful expression of sympathy on the part of a fair countrywoman, who, for a moment, might be said to embody the feeling which is entertained towards Garibaldi by millions of the women of England. Mr. Arthur Andrew he immediately recognized as the son of Richard Andrew, who was mayor when Kossuth visited Southamptom, and who, in his day and generation, was one of the most stalwart Liberals in the kingdom. Mr. Joseph Cowen, of course, he received as one of the oldest of his English friends. Garibaldi then left the ship and entered the Mayor's carriage, drawn by four greys. Sunday, as has been before remarked, prevented any special display on the part of the citizens, but all along the line of route there was an immense assemblage who received him with the utmost enthusiasm. On arriving at the Mayor's residence, on the summit of which was hoisted the Italian flag with the cross of Savoy, the General was conducted to his private apartments, and repeatedly responded to the acclamations of the people by showing himself at the windows of his apartment.

SOUTHAMPTON, Monday.

Southampton this morning was decked out like a lady in her bridal attire. The British and Italian flags waved from almost every house. Ghent or Antwerp could not afford better scope for a popular display; and this morning, if some Rip Van Winkle had suddenly awoke, he might have fancied himself in a Continental city on a *fete* day. But it was something far better than a holiday occasion. There are few popular festivals which might not be cheerfully abandoned for one in honor of Joseph Garibaldi. It was for him that Southampton had decorated itself as it has never done for any foreign potentate, and that the people filled the balconies, the windows, and the streets, and then covered the quays and the wharves, and as many vessels as could be crowded on the scene.

The procession having been formed with Garibaldi in an open carriage drawn by four greys, and accompanied by the Mayor at its head, it made its way along Brunswick-place and the streets leading to the Bargate, which is the local Guildhall. The scene in the line of progress was animated in the extreme. There were, it is true, no triumphal arches or upholstery of any description; but as far as the eye could reach the multitude monopolized all the space save what just sufficed for the carriages to thread their way through this human labyrinth. Every window and every balcony was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, the former waving their handkerchiefs in such numbers that it seemed as if a thousand miniature flags of spotless and typical white were fluttering in the breeze. In the street below the cheering was wildly enthusiastic, and mingling as it did with the strains of martial music and the joyous peals of the church bells, which had clanged out their welcome all the morning through, the sounds which reached Garibaldi's ears must have inspired as well as consoled him.

Amid such scenes was he borne to the chamber in the Bargate, in which the ceremony of presenting the address was to take place. The old hall was never more besieged than it was this day. Those only who had special tickets were first admitted, otherwise the crush would have been fearful. When the doors were opened to the public a few moments sufficed to fill the hall, and it is creditable to the townspeople that when the building was full no attempt was made to force in a larger number, although the outer doors were open. As may be expected of a room built above a gateway, in a mediæval period, the Guildhall is more quaint than convenient, and although it has been restored and improved of late years, one-half the people assembled within its walls must have had considerable difficulty in either seeing or hearing. The Mayor, attired in his robes of office, took the chair. General Garibaldi, who wore his red shirt and grey cloak, occupied the seat of honor on the right. The Recorder, Mr. Seely, M.P., and the members of the Corporation, sat on the left. Special accommodation was provided for a few ladies, and the body of the hall was densely packed with the citizens, who seemed as if they had exhaled the hot breath of Vulcan's forge. The ceremony was a very simple one, and therefore the more impressive. The Mayor began by introducing Gen. Garibaldi to the men and women of England. Garibaldi then arose, and amid the most enthusiastic plaudits, simply bowed his thanks. He listened with the deepest attention to the proceedings which followed, and his face wore an expression of gravity which afterwards might be seen to disappear with a single flash from his bright eye, or one smile from his ingenuous countenance. The Mayor addressed Garibaldi in the following language:

GENERAL: As you are aware, the object of our meeting here to-day is to present an address—an address that has been agreed to by the Corporation of Southampton, and [turning to Garibaldi] General, I will take this opportunity of explaining to you that, when I say the Corporation of Southampton, I believe I may safely add that it represents the feelings of the inhabitants of Southampton ["hear," and cheers]—and still further, I believe, the feelings of the whole British nation [loud cheers]. I can assure you, General, that it has been to me a source of great pleasure, and I have considered it a high honor, to have the opportunity of taking part in these proceedings [hear]; and in doing so the only regret I have is that I am unable at this moment by my own voice and in my own words to convey to you in adequate terms the feeling of the inhabitants of this town, and through them the feelings of the nation [cheers]. But, General, I am certain that, so far as my own friends are concerned, they will excuse me if on this occasion I fall short, and I hope, and indeed am satisfied, that you also will excuse it when I tell you that the reason why I cannot give expression even to my own feelings, to say nothing of the feelings of others, is that I cannot find words in which to express them [hear and cheers]. General, your first steps on the shores of this isle will long be remembered, and Southampton considers itself highly honored in having the first opportunity of welcoming to our land so noble a patriot as yourself [loud cheers]. I am quite sure that in presenting an address on this occasion it is not necessary for me to preface it with many of my own remarks, because it would be useless, the fact being that in every house, cottage and mansion, and indeed from the palace and the mansion to the cottage of the meanest subject of this country, your noble deeds are known [hear]. Your gallant conduct on all occasions, your self-sacrifice [loud cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs]—and your devotedness to the cause which you have at heart, are so prominent before the people of this country that I am satisfied that anything I may say will rather detract from than add to their most hearty and cordial reception of you. General, allow me to add, whilst I am addressing you, that I look upon you as a king, as a king uncrowned [loud cheers]—and I hope that the time will come, although may it be far distant, when you will wear a crown that is imperishable—["hear," and cheers]—a crown that will never fade away [continued cheering]. General, as I have said before, I can find no language adequately to express my feelings and the feelings of the inhabitants of this town, and I do hope that we shall have the honor and the pleasure before you quit this country of giving you the hospitalities of the town on a more extended scale [cheers]. The uncertainty of your arrival in this country was to some extent—indeed I may say to a great extent—the cause of your not receiving a more public and a more impressive demonstration than you have received this day. Allow me to explain to you that the enthusiasm which greeted you on your landing, and the crowds of friends who met to receive you, were all brought together at two hours' notice [hear]. I will not detain you, General, nor the meeting any longer, but call upon the Town Clerk to read the address which has been agreed to [loud cheers].

The town clerk (Mr. Deacon) read the address:

TO GEN. GARIBALDI.

SIR: We, the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the town of Southampton, in council assembled, avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by your visit to England to give expression to the feeling of profound respect we entertain for your public and private character, and our high appreciation of the services you have rendered to the cause of your country's liberty and independence.

We desire also to offer you a hearty welcome on your arrival in this country, and to assure you that we feel it a distinguished honor to be the first community to receive you on the shores of Britain. The fame of your great and heroic deeds has already preceded you. The name of Garibaldi is honored and esteemed in the homes of England, and your disinterested patriotism has long been the theme of universal admiration.

Permit us then to tender you our cordial and sincere congratulations on the occasion of your landing at our port. We may undertake to say that nowhere in her Majesty's dominions are your noble exertions in the cause of human freedom more highly valued than they are among the people of Southampton. Having learned that your chief object in visiting England is the improvement of your impaired health, we sincerely trust that in the midst of sympathizing friends you will soon be restored to complete convalescence, and that under the protection of that Divine Power who has preserved you through so many dangers and vicissitudes your valuable life may long be spared to aid in the promotion of the great end to which it has hitherto been devoted.

Given under our common seal this 26th day of March, A.D. 1864. GEORGE BRINTON, Mayor.

Garibaldi listened to the reading of the address with the keenest interest and pleasure. He then rose to reply, and was again received with the greatest demonstrations of applause. He spoke in a loud resonant voice, which was distinctly heard through the entire building, and although he delivered his remarks in the English language, probably not a word, and certainly not a sentiment, to which he gave utterance, was misunderstood by any one of the audience. He said: It is not the first time that I have received proof of the sympathy of the English nation—proof not in words only, but in deeds (hear). I have seen this sympathy in many circumstances of my life; but particularly in that instance where, without the help of the English nation, it would have been impossible to complete the deeds we achieved in Southern Italy. The English people provided for us men, arms, and money, and they also helped the wants of the families of those who sacrificed their lives for their country's cause. This, then, was a proof in deeds more than in words of their sympathy for us, such a proof as demands the eternal gratitude of the Italian people (cheers). In answer to your noble and generous words, Mr. Mayor, I am now glad that I did not sacrifice my life for the cause of liberty to our nation, but (significantly striking his breast) if I had, I should have considered that I had only done a part of my duty, and of the duty of every man (loud cheers). I finish by giving you my thanks for your generous sympathy and kind welcome to me. [He bowed and resumed his seat amid enthusiastic cheering.]

ISLE OF WIGHT, Tuesday.

From Southampton Garibaldi went to Brooke House, Isle of Wight, the residence of Mr. Seely, M.P. Brooke House is, of course, crowded with visitors. Among the earliest visitors of Tuesday were Alfred Tennyson, his wife, and their two boys—brave young enthusiasts the two latter in the cause of Italy. The poet himself, a man not given to society, and not fond of lions or of being himself lionized, was, we believe, much captivated by the simple and calm dignity of the great Italian whom he had come to meet. Alexander Herzen, most earnest and eloquent of writers, vivacious and witty of talkers—Herzen of the *Kolokol*, the distinguished Russian exile—travelled down from London to grasp the hand of his old friend, and forthwith returned to his labors, full of delight at the healthy and strong condition in which Garibaldi seemed to be. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., made part of the day's company. It is not, we believe, any violation of privacy to state that the Earl of Shaftesbury brought with him a cordial and friendly greeting to Garibaldi from Lord Palmerston.

Of Garibaldi himself it seems difficult to speak without saying over again that which has been said many times already. His countless portraits, photographs, and busts have made his face and form so familiar to us all that on seeing him for the first time one feels as if he must have seen him often before. Perhaps if any sensation of surprise is felt it is that the great Italian soldier is so very fair in complexion. It is hardly wonderful that Mr. Kingsley should claim Teuton origin for a hero with so bright a complexion, so fair a beard and moustache. Garibaldi seems to have a positive genius for the picturesque. Rachel's faculty of wrapping a cloth around her so that it fell in one moment into the drapery fitted to adorn a classic statue seems to be to some degree rivalled by the Italian chief. One of his favorite dresses is of course the gray cloak lined with scarlet, the famous scarlet shirt, and the gray trowsers: a wonderfully picturesque costume. But he sometimes indulges in brighter colors and contrasts, and appears draped in a showy burnous or cloak, like the mantle of a Knight Templar, and which, over the scarlet shirt, makes indeed a display such as a painter might well combine for striking effect. The Southern love of bright colors appears strong in Garibaldi, but the simple and unstudied manners of the man himself banish aught of the theatric from his appearance. This is one of the tests which he stands as, perhaps, no other man could. Even if you are disposed to criticize coldly and call the costume fantastic, yet you cannot deny that on him it seems perfectly natural. Perhaps we all like him best in the gray cloak and the red shirt, and most readily thus recognize him; but whatever costume he wears, the easy unstudied grace of his manner makes it natural, seemly, and appropriate.

So many enthusiasts have written in rapture of Garibaldi that perhaps we can use no higher terms of praise than to say that after all which has been said of him the visitor who now for the first time meets him face to face and interchanges converse with him will come away not disappointed. The charm of perfect manhood is in him as in scarcely any other. Few men who ever lived could stand the test of being perpetually gazed on, idolized, lionized, without losing some of the freshness and truthfulness of their nature. Garibaldi seems to have preserved his nature entirely fresh and true. Whatever faults of temperament or character he may have lie quite upon the surface and need not be described. They are the obvious and almost inevitable peculiarities of a generous, enthusiastic, simple-minded man. But no one can speak with him and not feel that there is a nobleness in Garibaldi which pervades his whole nature, and influences irresistibly those with whom he comes in contact. It is as if one had spoken with an antique Roman, or with Schiller's William Tell. A single interview with Garibaldi is something which fills the mind with an indefinable sense of exaltation, and is an event not to be forgotten even by the calmest and least enthusiastic of us all.

A LAYMAN'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

As other men have creeds, so I have mine:
I keep the holy faith in God, in man,
And in the angels ministrant between.
I hold to one true church of all true souls;
Whose churchly seal is neither bread nor wine,
Nor laying on of hands, nor holy oil,
But only the anointing of God's grace.

I hate all kings, and caste, and rank of birth;
For all the sons of men are sons of God;
Nor limps a beggar but is nobly born;
Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor czar a crown,
That makes him less or more than just a man.

I love my country, and her righteous cause:
So dare I not keep silent of her sin:
And after Freedom, may her bells ring Peace!

I love one woman with a holy fire,
Whom I revere as priestess of my house;
I stand with wondering awe before my babes,
Till they rebuke me to a nobler life;
I keep a faithful friendship with my friend,
Whom loyally I serve before myself;
I lock my lips too close to speak a lie;
I wash my hands too white to touch a bribe;
I owe no man a debt I cannot pay,
Save only of the love men ought to owe.

Withal, each day, before the blessed Heaven,
I open wide the chambers of my soul,
And pray the Holy Ghost to enter in.

Thus reads the fair confession of my faith;
So crossed with contradictions by my life
That now may God forgive the written lie!
Yet still, by help of Him who helpeth men,
I face two worlds and fear not life nor death.
O Father! lead me by Thy hand! Amen.

—*Spirit of The Fair.*

ANECDOTE OF A DAUGHTER OF CASSIUS M. CLAY.

[A contributor sent the following narrative to the Brooklyn *Union*:]

MORGAN'S command was encamped near by, when a hard-looking customer, seated on the back of a sorry-looking nag, might have been seen entering the gate of an extensive domain in Kentucky. He shambled off in great haste to a large barn standing at a little distance from a spacious mansion. The horse and rider had nearly reached the stable door when the Juno-like figure of a young lady tripped along to the end of a piazza and beckoned him to return. At this juncture I suspect the rogue began to feel that he had gotten himself into a scrape. He half-turned on his saddle, and for a moment scrutinized the irate beauty; then lowering his head and ruminating a minute, he turned his horse around and rode back. Our two horsemen had by this time reached the gate, and were now within hearing distance of the following piquant colloquy:

"What are you doing here?"

"Well, Miss, you see my horse is fagged out, and I am bound to have another."

"It so happens that I am left alone this morning, and I protest against it. Surely you are too good a soldier to disregard the remonstrance of a lady."

"Sorry, Miss, but it can't be helped. If you like, I'll leave mine in place of yours."

"No, you will not."

At this stage of the proceedings the unrelenting savage turned sharply away and rode off in quest of his booty, and my young friend and companion approached the lady. With lowering brow and compressed lips,

"She stood a moment as a Pythoness
Stands on her tripod agonized and full
Of inspiration, gathered from Distress."

Suddenly she wheeled around and reëntered the door. She was gone but a moment, and when she emerged again her slender waist was encircled by a patent leather belt, from the edge of which peeped out two ivory-handled pistols. She again stationed herself on the edge of the portico, meanwhile murmuring to herself in an undertone, as if speaking to her own heart, "Perhaps he will not find me as helpless as he thinks I am."

Presently the marauder made his appearance once more in the adjoining inclosure, astride his own paltry pony, and leading by a bridle thrown over his arm one of her father's favorite horses. Like a falcon let loose she darted across the lawn to a partition fence, drew one of the pistols, and as her arm rested for a moment on the topmost rail, the ominous "click" was heard.

"It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, some twelve yards off, or so."

All timid creatures become paralyzed when the ear catches a very threatening sound. So it must have been with this valiant transgressor. Before the leaden messenger had sped its way to meet him, he had reined up short and stood stock still before the assailant. She then took deliberate aim and fired; and the ball struck his cap fair in front, and sent it flying. You may be sure, added my youthful narrator, the scamp did not tarry long after that. He scampered off *sans* horse, *sans* cap, very much after the fashion of John Gilpin. The heroine of this little story was the daughter of the Hon. Cassius M. Clay.

THE DEVOTIONAL POETRY OF DR. WATTS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

I HAVE liked Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns ever since the time, when scarcely three years old, I was made to repeat, with his book in my hand, and with such gestures as were prescribed to me, the psalm beginning with the words:

"Come sound his praise abroad
And hyms of glory sing."

The critics, in general, have shown but stinted favor to Dr. Watts's devotional poetry. Dr. Johnson pronounced it unsatisfactory, though he admits that Dr. Watts "has done better than anybody else, what nobody had done well." Southey, from whom I expected something different, in that meagre memoir of Dr. Watts—meagre, yet interesting, so far as relates to his theological opinions, which seem principally to have engaged Southey's attention—alludes to Johnson's opinion, yet takes no pains to controvert it. He indeed questions Johnson's decision against devotional poetry in general; but takes no pains to show, as he might easily have done, that Watts's book contained a great many very beautiful things.

I maintain, for my part, that Dr. Watts has done admirably well what he undertook to do, and the proof, if I wanted any other than the pleasure with which I always read him, I find in the strong hold which his devotional verses have taken on the hearts of men in all conditions of life, and, I think, all varieties of religious belief. No compilation of hymns for the public worship of any denomination is ever made without borrowing largely from Dr. Watts. He has been in his grave for considerably more than a century, yet have his psalms and hymns lost none of the favor which they had when they were first adopted by religious assemblies for public worship, and I believe are even now, generally speaking, in greater esteem than ever, notwithstanding that such poets as Doddridge, Cowper, Charles Wesley, Barbauld, and Heber have written devotional verses of very great merit since his time.

The secret of this popularity lies, as it seems to me, in the union of strong feeling with great poetic merit. In what he wrote there are occasional transgressions against good taste, as in his versification of Solomon's Song. They are slovenly lines, and even stanzas, but there is always great fervor and profound earnestness. No poet has ever expressed religious emotions with greater energy. He faints and languishes for the divine presence; he deplores the waywardness of the human heart; he exults in the divine favor; he is awed by the divine majesty; he looks with transport on the works of the divine hand; he dwells with delight on the vision of a better life beyond the grave; and all these moods of mind find full expression in his verse. Many of his hymns seem to have been dashed out in the excitement of the moment, as if the feeling which had taken possession of him could not be satisfied without expressing itself in poetic forms. His versions of the Hebrew psalms are as remarkable for this as the compositions which he called hymns. He seems to have first filled his mind with the imagery of the ancient bards, and, catching inspiration from them, flung his thoughts upon the page in a form suited to the more mild and perfect dispensation of Christianity.

Some of Dr. Watts's devotional verses show that he possessed imagination in a high degree. What a beautiful picture, for example, is set before us in the hymn beginning

"There is a land of pure delight."

In this hymn, which is too familiar to all readers to be transcribed here, we have the green fields of immortal life with their unwithering flowers lying in perpetual light; the narrow river of death, dividing it from the present state of being; and the timorous crowd of mortals on the hither bank shivering and shuddering at the thought of passing through those cold waters. I remember that once, on a fine Sunday evening in the latter part of April, coming out of the harbor of Havana, in a steamer moving uneasily on the tossing waves of the Gulf Stream, which here rushed against the reefs of the northern coast of Cuba—I had been driven to my berth by a strong premonition of sea-sickness—a party of Americans on deck struck up this hymn, and when they had ended sang the scarcely less beautiful one beginning with

"When I can read my title clear,"

and ending with the stanza,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of endless rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

As they sang, it almost seemed as if the sea felt the influence of the gentle strain and grew smoother, and the waves murmured more softly before the prow that divided them.

I once heard a distinguished literary gentleman instance the following couplet from one of Watts's hymns, as conveying to the mind images which could only occur to a poet of no common genius:

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer."

I was able to match them, or nearly so, with a couplet from his version of the one hundred and twenty-first psalm:

"No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far."

How pathetic is this expostulation in the one hundred and second psalm:

"Spare us, O, Lord! aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon!
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?"

How magnificently is the one hundredth psalm versified, closing with this grand stanza:

"We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise."

I might refer to many other examples of like excellence in these poems; but I will mention only one more, the charming little funeral hymn, the eighteenth of the full book, beginning thus:

"Hear what a voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

"They die in Jesus and are blest," etc.

I know very well that poetry of a very moderate degree of merit not unfrequently obtains great popularity on account of its religious character, but I do not recollect an instance in which it has held that popularity long. The devotional verses of Watts have stood the test of time, and it seemed to me due to him that some of the characteristic merits by which they are recommended to the general mind should be pointed out.

March 17th, 1864. —*Spirit of the Fair.*

DEATH OF M. VATTEMARE.—*Paris, April* 8.—Very many Americans will hear with sadness that their country's constant, ardent, ever-ready, serviceable friend, Mr. Alexander Vattemare, closed his long life yesterday. The lasts year of it have been devoted with untiring zeal to the "System of International Exchange," of which he was author. An exchange particularly between France and the United States, not only of books and other good things, but of friendly sentiments and personal services. There is now at the Hotel de Ville a library of some twelve thousand books published in America about America, all obtained and given to the City of Paris by him. In return, he sent equivalent values in the shape of French, Dutch, Swiss, and other publications to our American public libraries. Misrepresentations and misapprehensions, originating some in pitiful trading jealousies, some in the inability of selfish persons to comprehend the generous enthusiasm of the man, the most excusable in ignorance of the facts of the case, have sometimes got foul breath and slandered his disinterested labors. I speak from knowledge that an acquaintance with which I was honored for twelve years gives me, when I say that M. Vattemare gave his time and latterly his health to the good cause for love of the cause; the sums allowed him by some of our State Legislatures did not pay the necessary expenses of his bureau, the operation of which he carried on at a positive direct loss of money. His indirect loss from neglecting his private affairs in his ardor for his "*systême*" was grave. No American ever called upon him—and hundreds have called—for any aid that M. Vattemare could render which he did not render promptly, zealously. In this kind of well-doing he was never weary, nor in recalling any attentions that had been paid to him—I trust they borrowed none of their remembered enchantment from distance—in his visits to *our* country. For though the thoroughest of Frenchmen, and having served once, almost in his boyhood, as surgeon in the armies of Empire, his large humanity made him look kindly on all men, and his singular affection for our country made him claim fellow-citizenship with us. To-morrow we follow the good man to his grave.—*Cor. Tribune.*

FOR EVERMORE.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again.
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore;
Ah! truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air!
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead;
We see them—visions strange—amid the nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing;
The brown, brown hair, that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold—to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long faded land—the realm of nevermore.

It is perpetual Summer there. But here,
Sadly we remember rivers clear,
The harebells quivering on the meadow floor;
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tender hearts and truer
People that happy land—the realm of nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand;
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful?—'Tis the land of evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem;
Very far off, beyond our sensual dream,
Its woods unruffled by the wild wind's roar.
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge;
One moment, and we breathe within the evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe,
Haunt those fresh woodlands whence sweet carollings soar.
Eternal peace have they;
God wipes their tears away;
They drink that river of life which flows for evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim;
But lo! the wide wings of the seraphim
Shine in the sunset. On that joyous shore.
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago;
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for evermore.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

WAR'S DOINGS TO ONE FAMILY.

IF I could do justice to the stories of fortitude, loyalty and loss, which sometimes reach us from these sanitary rooms! About two weeks ago a woman arrived there with the remains of her son, who had served in the army three years; and had he lived a few months longer, would have been sixteen years of age. I have his story from a member of the committee. In August, 1861, being then 12 years old, James Henry —— enlisted as drummer in the 17th New Hampshire regiment, where he served 14 months. He then reënlisted, and served 9 months in the 19th New Hampshire regiment, and again, in January 1864, enlisted for three years in the 1st Maine heavy artillery. He died in March at Fort Sumner hospital. The mother said this boy, who was evidently her pet, her Benjamin, had been the first of the family to enlist; shortly after, his father enlisted, served a year in the 10th Maine regiment, and died at Lynchburg. In the same month of the father's death, another son enlisted, in the 17th Maine regiment, was in battle at Gettysburg, and has never since been heard from. During the same year too, the third and last son enlisted in the 11th United States regulars, was wounded in the head at Gettysburg, discharged for permanent disability, and is now at home, imbecile from his wound. The care of the mother, an infirm grandparent, and an imbecile brother, had fallen upon the little drummer boy. Being small of stature, besides his youth, he could not earn a man's wages, and proposed reënlisting. His mother had forebodings, and remonstrated; but he reminded her of his former good fortune, of the bounty money, of a time when the war should be over; and she consented. He served two months, and here were his ashes! The mother behaved with Roman firmness. She would not say that she regretted giving up her all to the war: "The country needed them, and it was only right they should go." Drawing nearer the fire, she remarked, "I feel chilly; I sat at the end of the car last night, for the sake of bringing home Jemmy's drum; I did not like to take up so much room by the stove." Ah, think of that little lone home in Maine, with nothing left in it so dear as Jemmy's silent drum; and think how many such desolate homes there are in the land!—*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

WASHINGTON SPELLING.

ROUND the corner "Oysters are supplied to *famles* in every *stile*." That's negro spelling, though; but between you and me there is some spelling and punctuation in Washington which cannot be palmed off on our sable brethren. It is not upon "21th" street that "ASHILLING BELLHANGER" has his sign. Lest anybody, new to town, should be seduced into the hope of getting a bell hung for a shilling, I will just say that, with the requisite stops, the accent comes on the first letter, and worthy Mr. Shilling plies his trade at the usual Washington prices. "No more dead-heds will *B lowed* to play billiards here any more," until recently graced the billiard saloon of one of our principal hotels. To-day "*oisters*," are being served up in a white man's saloon; and somewhere in the vicinity of "*Gth*" street "mutton-*shops*," well cooked, are advertised for sale. These and like solecisms serve to mark the difference between the workmen of the South and the "greasy mechanics" of the North. The laboring classes here are just as much poisoned and enervated by contiguity with slaves as the higher classes have been by ownership. Tell a man that work makes a dog of him, that no degree of intelligence, that no measure of thrift, can cover up the brand of toil; set before him, and in daily competition with him, human chattels, cheated out of the rights of manhood, and, unless some rare and God-given instinct compels him to burst the iron fetters of social pressure, he will sink spiritless into his prescribed place. Of course this is as it should be. Mechanics, laborers and slaves havn't any right to know how to spell, or even read and write. Such accomplishments are contrary to blood, to breeding and an aristocratic monopoly of the fine arts. At the North we don't see such spelling, right in the heart of a city, over white men's doors. There the working classes are untrammelled save by the bonds of circumstance. These they may freely break by force of will or brain. No child is thrust out by obscurity of birth from the great highway to earth's best gifts. On, still on, toils the persistent, reliant, noble soul; until he of the hard, broad hands, "the greasy mechanic," through faith and achievement, is counted fit to stand before kings. Ignoble perverting this of the sublime privileges of the favored few; but a most common trick of nature when her motley groups of children are left free to work out their own destiny. But the schoolmaster is abroad. The smart negro for whom I write weekly letters to two valiant soldier sons at Newbern, who devours the papers, which he cannot read, with wistful eyes, brings his little six-year-old, red-jacketed and white-collared boy, book-in-hand, to show me what freedom and free schools are doing for black children. "Oisters," won't be served in every "stile" by the next generation, black or white. A dozen years hence, the "Uncle Hannibals" and "Aunt Lucindas" wont send their love to their brave nephews second hand.—*Wash. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

AMERICAN INVESTIGATIONS IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.—A collection of Arabic books, published by the American missionaries at Beirut, in Syria, was sent from New York some months ago, for the purpose of transmission into the kingdom of Foulah (the country of the Fallas or Fellatahs), and, if possible, further eastward, among the eight or ten Mahommedan States beyond it. Arrangements had previously been made with Presidents Benson and Roberts, of Liberia, for their diffusion. As each volume contained a list of questions in Arabic, with requests for replies, it is believed that valuable information will ere long be obtained through this agency concerning civilized nations inhabiting the interior of Africa, or of tribes which seem to have attained to a considerable degree of civilization. The plan on which this enterprise has been commenced was devised many years ago by Mr. Theodore Dwight, of New York, Secretary of the American Ethnographical Society, who has been for twenty years prosecuting inquiries by all means within his reach into the condition of the inhabitants of Central Africa, and seeking some mode of communicating with them. Evidence of the utility of this mode of obtaining information from that *terra incognita* has been lately furnished by the Rev. Dr. Bliss, President of the newly-planned Syrian College, who states the remarkable fact that the existence of the old Mahommedan kingdoms, which border the great Sahara along the Southern boundary, and several others adjoining, had been overlooked and unknown even in Syria, as well as in America and Europe. In December last the English newspapers announced the "astounding discovery," then just made by Swiss missionaries in Abyssinia, who thought they might send them Arabic books if they were themselves supplied. It is gratifying to know that the learned Secretary of the American Ethnological Society had already instituted inquiries in and transmitted books to those Mussulman States.—*National Intelligencer.*

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